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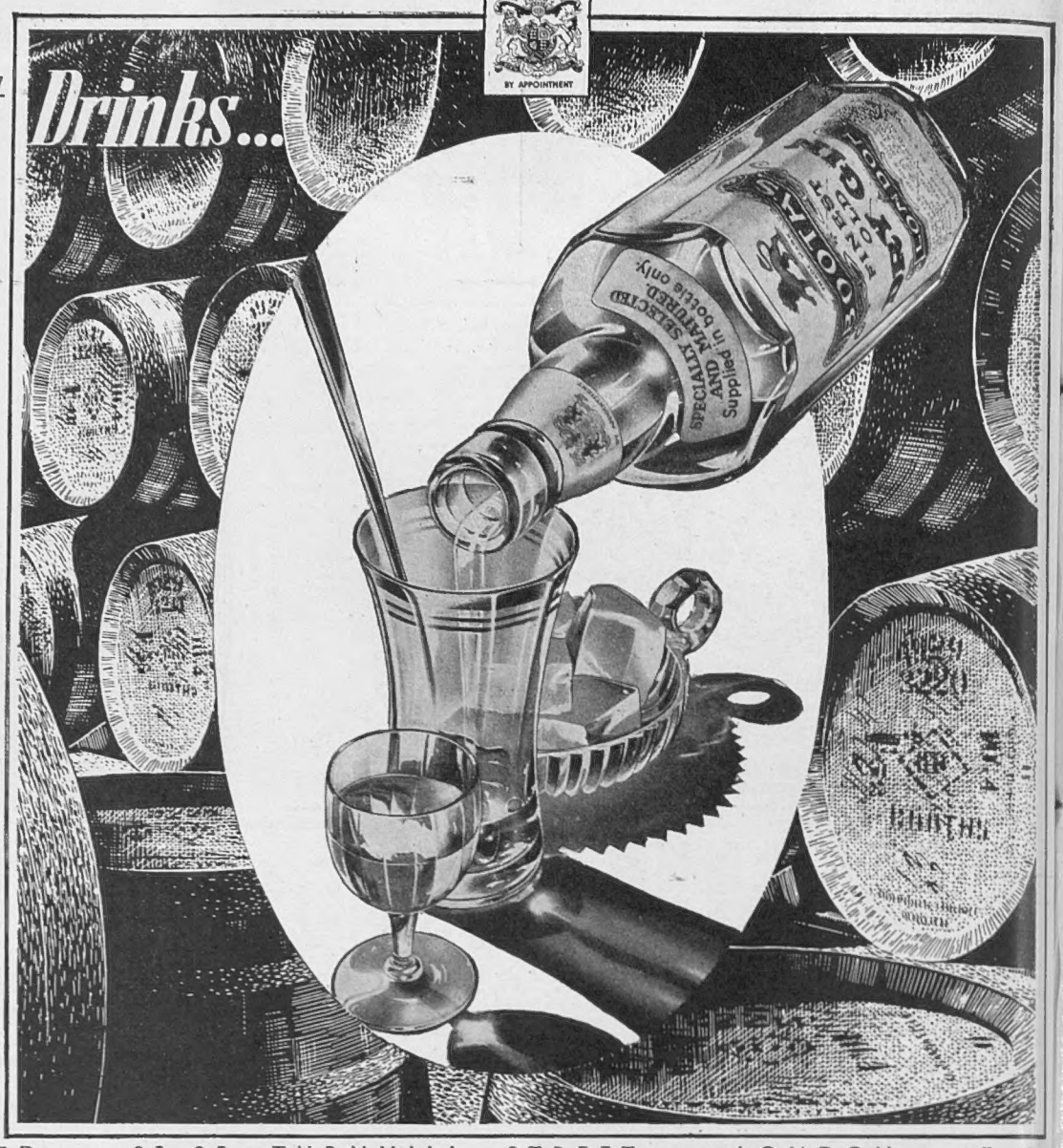

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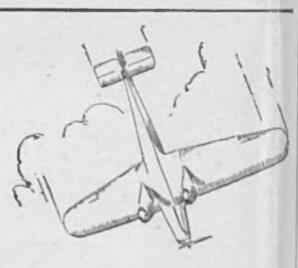

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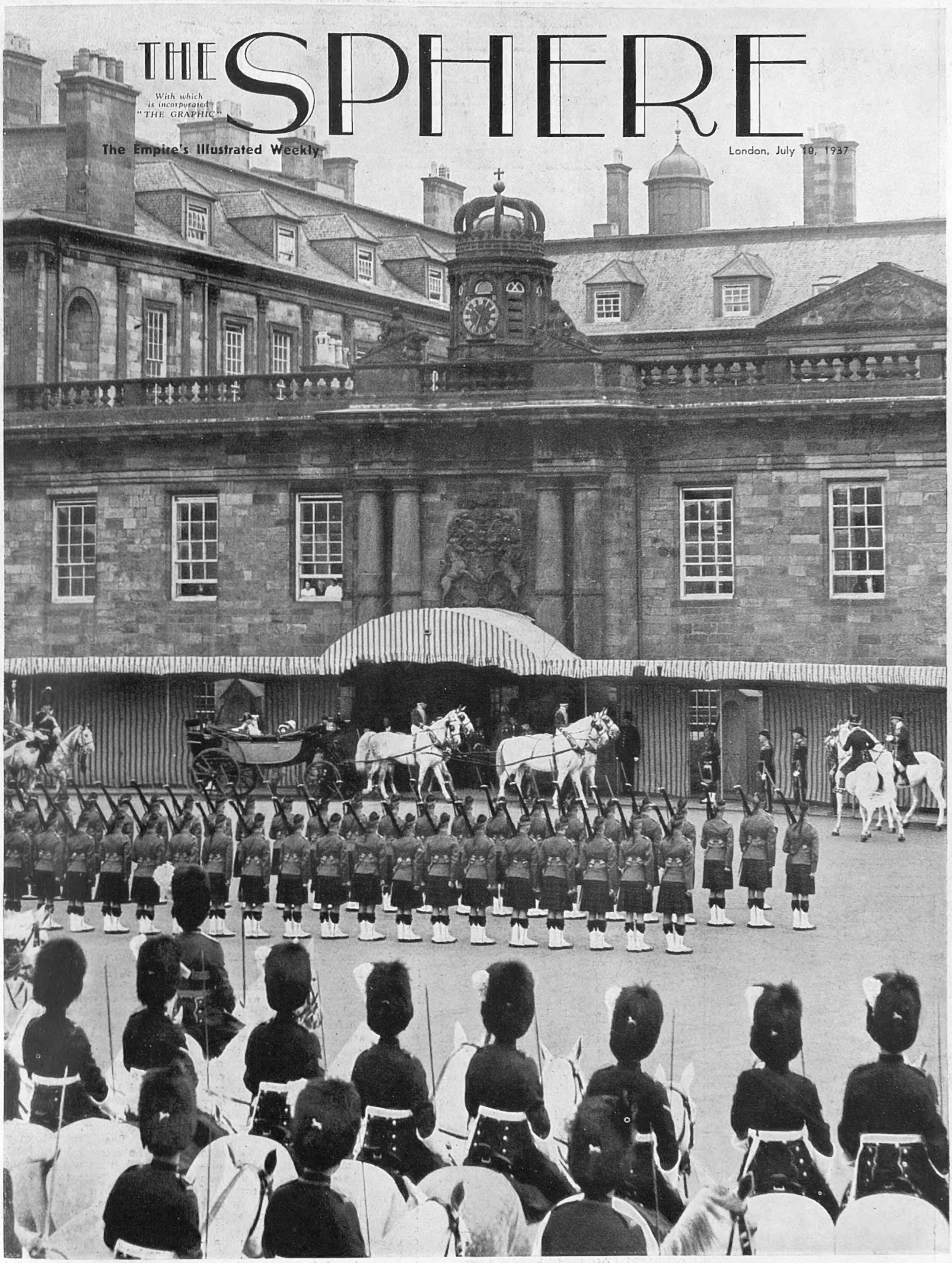

The Coronation Visit to Scotland

The King and Queen Arriving at the Palace of Holyroodhouse After Their Triumphal Drive Through Edinburgh's Thronged Streets

Following in the footsteps of his father, who visited Edinburgh in July of Coronation year, 1911, King George VI, accompanied by Queen Elizabeth and the little Princesses, arrived in the Scottish capital last Monday and was given an enthusiastic welcome as he drove in an open carriage through the thronged streets from the station to the Palace of Holyroodhouse where, having received the keys from Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton, he went into residence. It was a day packed with incident, the shrill cheering of the 18,000 schoolchildren lining the processional route, the gathering of the 400 veterans who had been present at Queen Victoria's review in 1881, the inspection of the Royal Archers in their feathered bonnets with white and green cockades, the march past of troops under Major-General Sir Andrew McCulloch, including a number of O.T.C. detachments, and the Queen's inspection of men of the 2nd Black Watch, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, contributing to the splendour of a great occasion. On the day following Their Majesties held the first evening Court that had taken place at Holyrood since the time of Edward VII. The Palace has of recent years been much restored and, thanks to the benefactions of the late Sir Alexander Grant, is now a fitting residence for royalty

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THE PRIME MINISTER AMONG HIS CONSTITUENTS: A picture taken at the banquet given in Mr. Chamberlain's honour last Saturday when he visited his native city, Birmingham, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception. Left to right—The Bishop of Birmingham, the Lady Mayoress, Mr. Chamberlain, the Lord Mayor, Mrs. Chamberlain, Alderman S. J. Grey, and Mrs. Stephen Lloyd. The Premier's speech to the assembly was largely connected with foreign affairs and in the course of his remarks he said: "We see every nation asserting its desire for peace, and everyone of them arming as feverishly as if it meant war. Similarly, every nation declares it wishes for freer trade, yet the barriers which hinder trade seem as firmly fixed as ever"

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, July 7, 1937.

THE COURT IN SCOTLAND.

—The Royal visit to Scotland lasts a full week and ends on July 12. It is a reasonably arduous programme for the King and Queen and the Court officials, including Courts and Levee, but it is a welcome change of air and scene. Holyroodhouse, it is true, though greatly rationalised in recent years, is not the last word in comfort. Bathrooms are still to seek and there is more history than modern convenience within the rugged walls. "A little less of Rizzio's bloodstains and more h. and c." might be the wish of the lesser officials who must queue up for a bath. But on the other hand both King and Queen love and know and understand Scotland and the Scottish character. Scotsmen are very efficient and charming and Edinburgh is lovely under all weathers; lovely and thrilling and stimulating. So far the week has gone with éclat and enthusiasm and there have been holiday hours off for our overworked Sovereign. It is odd to remember how recently (little more than a century ago) Scotland was still the Englishman's Ultima Thule, a land of barbarians. In that century Scotland has taught and led the civilised world! It was the literary circle in the Edinburgh of Scott's heyday that put Scotland in the centre of the map. But in 1822 when George IV paid his famous visit to Edinburgh under the "stage management" of Sir Walter, and half the chieftains ruined their heirs to buy tartan and finery, what barbarisms were still being related of the Scots! There was Lord Rosslyn's account of the first Levee: "Lord Graves, who was in waiting, told the gentlemen as they entered that they must 'Kiss hands'. Some made violent attempts to kiss both; others, more elegant and dégagés, kissed their own hands to the King."

SKY HIGH: Flight-Lieutenant M. J. Adam being screwed into his pressure suit before making his successful attempt on the world's height record for aeroplanes in his Bristol plane in which he climbed last week to an altitude of 53,937 ft., thus bettering by over 2,500 ft. the recent effort of an Italian pilot. The especial merit of this flight lay in the fact that it was made in a high north-westerly gale in conditions of cloud which left the pilot without landmarks to check his position in relation to the land

HARWORTH SENTENCES.

—We are not unconscious of or inarticulate about our national virtues and blessings. I often think and say that other nations must be tired of the sound of our trumpet. But of one national asset we have just cause to be proud—our judicial system. The Judicature has never been mixed up with politics in modern times, and please God it never will. That Kane and other ringleaders in the Harworth disturbances deserved their sentences, no fair-minded man can doubt. Kane's terrorisation was "something which people in this country cannot and will not put up with." [That is true, even though we feel that the appalling risks of the coal-mining industry might excuse any and every barbarism by those engaged in it.] The rights and wrongs of the dispute which led to the disturbances are neither here nor there. There are efficient and impartial tribunals to deal with these questions and to allocate blame. The thing which fair-minded Englishmen will not stand is intimidation as an accepted method of settling an industrial dispute. If therefore any Labour M.Ps. seek to make party or class-hatred capital out of these sentences, in or out of Parliament, they will not only run counter to the feeling of a vast majority of the country, workers or so-called capitalists, but they will set the fool's cap on their own hardly-won charter of equality for employees and employers under the ægis of an impartial and pure system of justice. They will be stooping very low for party ends. Rather, let them consider broadly the serious question of whether our Democracy is not riding to ruin on a wave of indiscipline in the ranks of those very industrial unions and combines which are among the few features of our modern life which justify the use of the word Democracy.

ANTI-BRITISH RADIO.

—One day a cool headed student of history will review our age and will marshal the pros and cons. of the scientific inventions of our day at the stages at this time attained. No doubt when further stages are reached, many of these great inventions will be proved blessings to humanity. It is difficult to believe that any impartial student of posterity could say that to-day the pros of flying outweigh the cons. What of the radio? In the hands of fair-minded, educated men, it could only be judged in the main a mighty instrument for good. But when will the age dawn when it will be possible to insure that such men universally control it? In the hands of political propagandists employed on uneducated and inflamed minds it is an instrument of deadly power, a distiller of fearful poison. The country from which the invention emanated has for two years employed it as a weapon of evil, to disturb the peace, to stir up hatred, to ensue selfish, national aims of aggression and vengeance. For English nationals resident in Italy the poison drops and pin-pricks of anti-British propaganda in the Italian broadcasts are insidiously concealed in news-bulletins in the form of lies, half-truths, and suggestions. These are also addressed to half-civilised races under British rule or mandate, and clearly seek to stir up insurrection in our Empire. It is political mischief of the first order and it bears the official seal of the Duce. Our Government is aware of what is going forward in many languages on the Italian radio. It makes no serious effort to check it.

YOUTH AND WOMAN TRIUMPHANT?

—Platitude, slogans, and triumphant generalisation and

trumpeting are the chosen weapons of Cabinet Ministers. It is their *métier* to lead and bamboozle democracy along the road to better things. But let you and me distinguish between facts and boost, and between polite platitude and hard brass-tacks in all this glorification of the emancipation of woman, the triumph of youth, the bright and (at long last) happy home life and environment which Sir Kingsley Wood and many others empty their lungs to trumpet. Great progress has been made in national health, housing, and sanitation; immense progress has been made in providing, light, colour, distraction, enlargement, and recreation for the lives of the lower classes. Much of the stuffiness and tyranny, convention and narrowness, hypocrisy and ignorance, repression of natural instincts and aspirations, has been cut away since Victorian times, and youth has indeed been given a chance to develop in a cleared wood. But to glory that the movement is "out of the wood" is silly folly. To be blind to the good, which has gone with the rotten, wood is dangerous lunacy. Homes may be brighter. Who dares to be sure they are happier? Does the emancipated school-girl make for a happier home life or find her home life bright? Does the modern mother bring up her girls more wisely than her grandmother did? Does she supply them with healthier food for body and mind? Does she equip them to be efficient and content in the times in which they live and in the stations they are intended to occupy? Is youth growing wiser and happier as it grows healthier and more free? We know well that these half-dozen questions must raise in thinking and impartial minds a grave doubt, and a conviction that the holloa-ing of Ministers is heady and premature. Much has been done and much remains to do. As in our stage of scientific development, so in our stage of emancipation of youth and women and the ventilation of the home, we are in a dangerous middle-way, a ticklish stretch of the road. The mothers of England have a tremendous responsibility which they are not fulfilling, in the kitchen or in the living room. The lure and cheapjack of films and freedom are undoing what wise emancipation has done to improve the race, and in a million homes children are being doomed to a bitter disillusionment when at last they learn the lesson that life is not all jam and adventure but rather a slogging-on at grim and common-place tasks which only character, philosophy, discipline, and skill can render tolerable and even attractive. This trumpet-blowing is premature, vulgar, and foolish. Youth is not out of the wood. Let us clear our minds of cant while we welcome some progress made.

OEDIPUS AT BRADFIELD.—

This note has been perforce held over, but it shall not be lost. For many years —thirty-six to be precise—I have promised myself a visit to Bradfield for the famous performances of Greek drama. And the other day under ideal conditions I saw *Oedipus Rex* in that perfect (now natural) little theatre carved out of the chalk by luck and art and genius and nature. No doubt, *Oedipus Rex* is the supreme tragedy of literature. Beside it, *Macbeth* is a bun-fight and *Othello* a storm in a tea-cup. I am no critic of acting and it were impiety or impudence to criticise Sophocles. I say simply and with humility that I was much moved and impressed beyond all expectation, and take off my hat to the producer and all concerned; to Oedipus for a great feat of endurance and memory; to Jocasta for turning himself into a real, a sympathetic, a genuine woman; and to the Messenger from the Palace for showing me the latent dramatic power in a little boy which an inspiring producer is capable of bringing out. Sometimes I brushed away unmanly tears and glanced at the audience. It was heartening in these scientific-boost days to observe scores of boys closely following the Greek text with appreciation. It all came back even to me. I found myself translating easily into English the clearly spoken and superb words of ancient Greece. Which pleased me. Education is never wasted, though it often seems to be.

WIMBLEDON—A MEMORY.—

Dressed in an overcoat, with somebody's white tennis coat superimposed and a fur rug over all, I sat and shivered in company above my station during the ladies' battle at Wimbledon which reduced the issue to the semi-final round. I sat and marvelled: 1.—At the hardihood of the Premier and Home Secretary who endured the cold without extra covering and did not seem to feel it at all. 2.—At the way in which the ladies had their fate settled at that important stage not by skill but by the errors and carelessness of their opponents. It was a question on the Centre Court of which player made the fewer of innumerable mistakes. It was not great lawn tennis. It was even dull lawn tennis, so far as that sort of tennis can ever be dull. Mrs. Sperling, Miss Jacobs, and even Miss Marble appeared that cold blustering Tuesday to make as many mistakes as any bunch of amateurs on the vicarage lawn. True, they made many shots which the vicarage girls do not make, but their "margin of error" was *rank*. It must of course be hatefully disconcerting to have your match interrupted once or twice by tiresome little cold showers. But the play was far from edifying. It was not Lenglen standard and Tilden seemed to think so. In the ladies' final, fought out between Miss Round and the agile but unpronounceable Pole, the form was higher class and the margin of error much less.

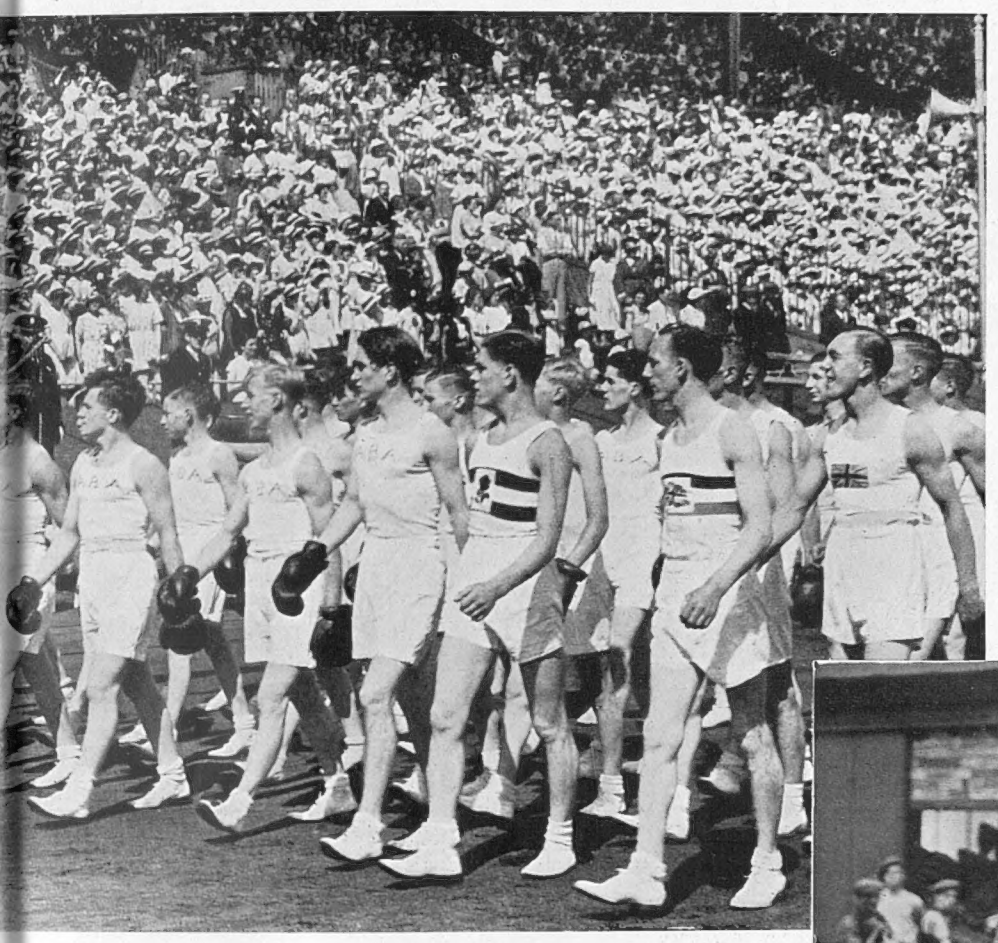
HENLEY—RESULTS OF PROPAGANDA.—

After ten years of hard work in persuasion, victory has been won over the conservatism of the Henley Regatta stewards. Positively the Ladies' Plate heats have been subdivided into two channels leading to the main stream of finals. Schools raced schools and colleges colleges until the final stage was reached. It was so obvious an added attraction that one found it hard to understand why the stewards held out against the reform ten years ago when the regatta was in the doldrums. They owed it in justice to the schools which lend such attraction to the fixture. I don't say it would have been necessary if colleges always "played fair," but it has constantly happened that colleges of "Grand" standard have entered to capture the Ladies' Plate. Now at last the schools had their chance to settle school supremacy by direct methods, and the result was added interest. The school competitors in the "Ladies'" have continually increased since old days when there were but two or three entrants, such as Eton, Radley, and Westminster. To these have been added Shrewsbury, who were very promising, the Bedfords, Monkton Combe, St. Paul's, Bryanston, St. Edwards. Quite enough competitors to justify long since this interesting split which awarded the palm to Eton.

SLANG FOR SCHOOLGIRLS.—

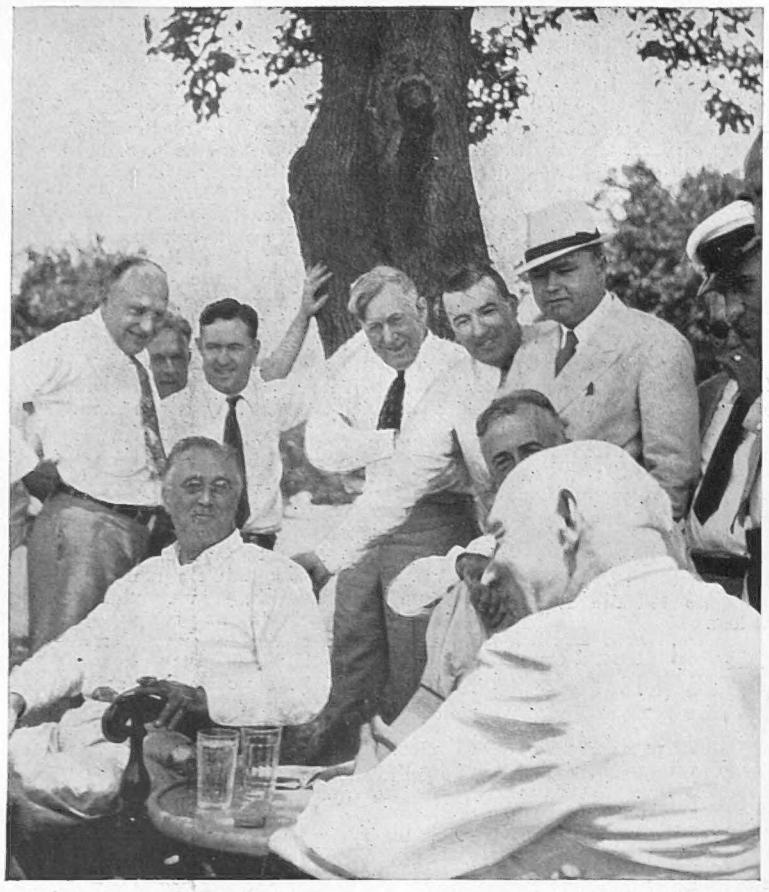
Head-mistresses in conference recently considered the use and misuse of English by schoolgirls, with special reference to Americanisms and slang. But they didn't agree. Good or classic English, it was admitted, strikes schoolgirls as boring, and modern life seems to demand something nearer the bone and more instantly descriptive of their constantly shifting reactions and their determination to express those reactions with utter frankness. Thus, *bunk*, *blurb*, *make a get-away*, *seize-the-bees' knees*, and other treasures, are fast becoming part of our language. America is very, very happy in the coining of colourful and apt slang. I never doubted it and never quarrelled with it. Slang or word-making is an age-old practice, and half our authorised dictionary is made up of words once dubbed and damned as slang, e.g. *cab*, *bus*, *lunch*, *week-end*, *plane*. I don't quarrel with young ladies turning slang into authorised English, because only the apt words survive any length of time. What I am more inclined to quarrel with is their somewhat "gamin" fashion of glorying in the use of good old English words which in Victorian days ceased to be "drawing-room." When I read and laughed over Stevie Smith's *Novel in Yellow*, I found myself laughing at her as much as with her. There was something so ingenuous about her obvious "fearful joy" in using such words.

THE OLD STAGER

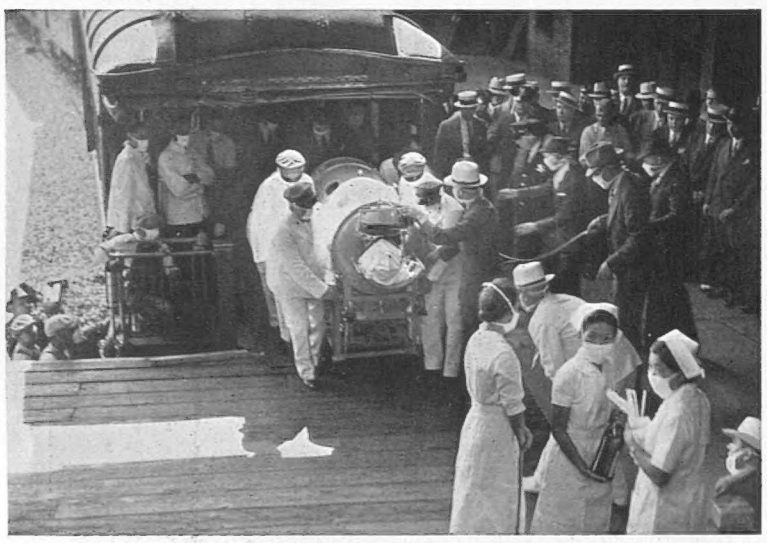


YOUTH MARCHES PAST: Members of the Amateur Boxing Association parading before the King and Queen at Wembley Stadium last Saturday when Their Majesties attended Britain's first "Festival of Youth" which was held in aid of the King George V Jubilee Trust Fund. Representatives of forty organisations took part, giving displays of physical training, educational gymnastics, etc.

THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE PIT TRAGEDY: Men with respirators at the Brymbo Colliery, Chesterton, near Stoke-on-Trent, where they assisted in the task of rescue following the two explosions which occurred in the workings last week, the second of which involved members of the first rescue party, including the managing director, the under manager, and two mine inspectors. The total death roll was thirty, and the disaster is the third of a serious nature to have taken place during this year



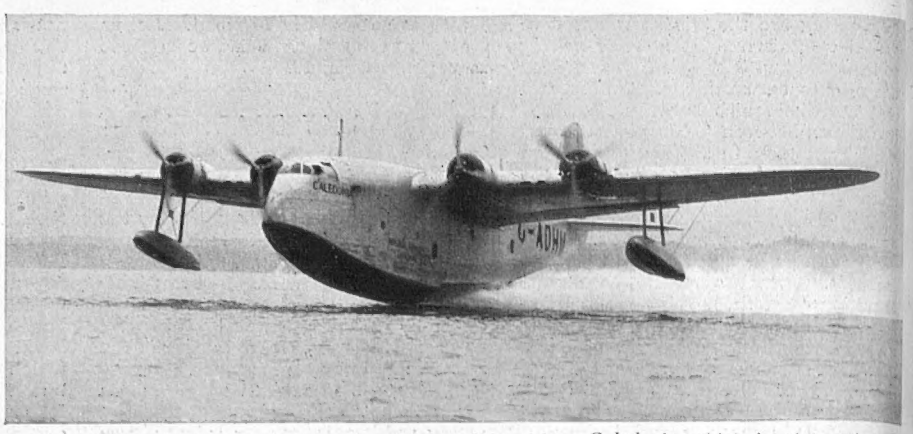
THE PRESIDENT HOLDS COURT: Mr. Roosevelt with members of Congress at a garden party held on an island near Washington and at which the Democratic party's programme at the coming session was the subject of discussion



THE MAN IN THE "IRON LUNG": Mr. Frederick B. Snite, Jnr., son of a wealthy U.S. business man, being wheeled from the observation car of the train in which he concluded his 9,300-mile journey from Peiping, China, to his home town, Chicago. He is stricken with paralysis and can only be kept alive by remaining in an "iron lung" which does his breathing for him

HERO OF THE TRANS-POLAR FLIGHT: M. Chkaloff, pilot of the Soviet monoplane which flew recently from Russia to America by way of the Pole, pictured wearing a garland at a dinner held in his honour at Vancouver, Oregon

FROM THE U.S.—



ATLANTIC ADVENTURE: The Imperial Airways flying boat, *Caledonia*, which is pictured here leaving the water, conducted a spectacularly successful service test on the Anglo-American air mail route this week when she took off from Foynes Harbour, in the far west of Ireland, and covered the 1,990 miles to Botwood, Newfoundland, in just over 15 hours

THE "CALEDONIA'S" CREW: The men who took the flying boat on her experimental crossing of the Atlantic from Foynes, Western Ireland, to Botwood, Newfoundland. Left to right—Wireless operator T. E. Hobbs, wireless expert T. Valette, first officer C. H. Bowes, and Captain Wilcockson, an experienced pilot who in his long career has flown over 1,000,000 miles

MR. DE VALERA AT FOYNES: The President of the Irish Free State Executive walking through the little town on arrival there last Monday to bid farewell to the crew of the flying boat *Caledonia*. Last week the President brought to an end his election campaign which from his point of view has been somewhat disappointing, failing to give him a working majority

PERSONALITIES IN THE IRISH ELECTIONS: *Left*—Ex-President W. T. Cosgrave, leader of Fine Gael, the chief opposition party in the Free State. *Right*—Popular Alderman Alfred Byrne, Lord Mayor of Dublin, was elected with a tremendous majority in Dublin North East

IRELAND IN THE NEWS—

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND: An overhead view of the scene in Princes Street, Edinburgh, as the King and Queen drove in state from the station to Holyroodhouse, where they went into residence. The Scottish capital, gaily decorated for the occasion, gave Their Majesties a vociferous reception, and among those lining the route were 18,000 school-children who had been granted special facilities to witness the pageantry. An escort was provided by the Royal Scots Greys and the Scottish Horse led by the Duke of Atholl, who also led them in 1911

EDINBURGH EN FÊTE: *Left*—Highlanders marching past the King and Queen and the Princesses in the grounds of Holyroodhouse following Their Majesties' arrival in the Scottish capital. *Right*—Preparing a pylon of growing flowers in Waterloo Place in readiness for the Royal visit

SCOTLAND'S WELCOME—

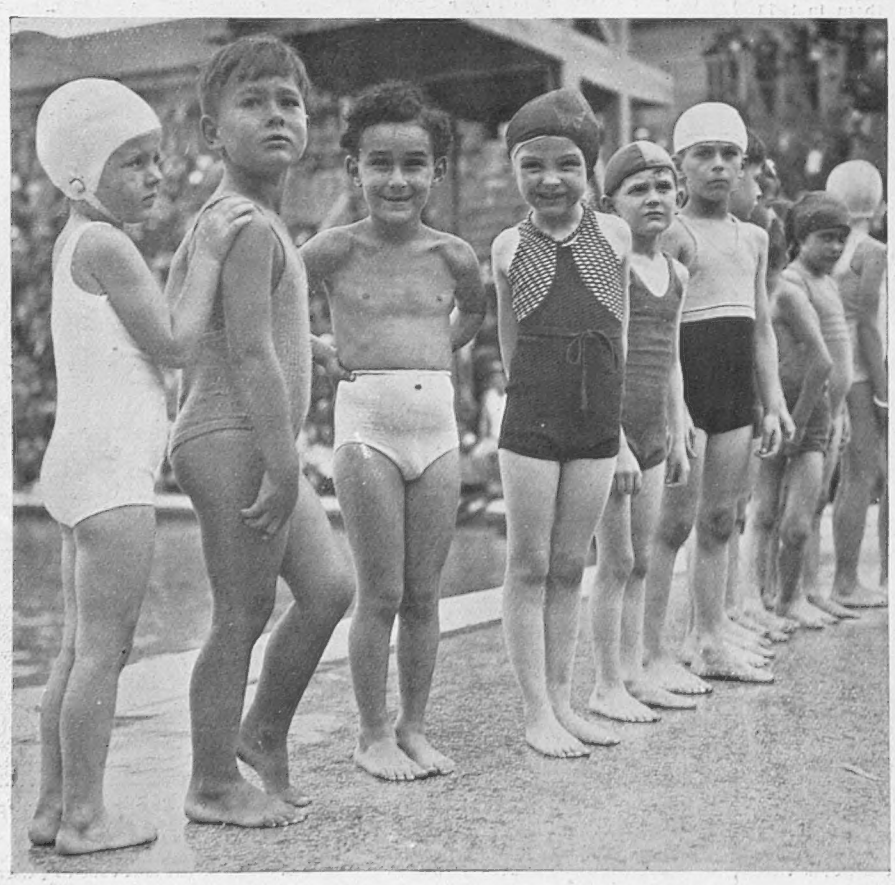
THE WORSE FOR WEAR FOLLOWING A CHANNEL ENCOUNTER: The buckled plates and damaged bows of the steamer *Gambian* after she had collided with the Russian steamer *Ziryanin* in the vicinity of Beachy Head

BATTERED TO DESTRUCTION: The Italian steamer *Aida Lauro* in a sad plight off Castle Point, near Land's End, nearly a week after going aground

HIGH AND DRY AFTER A SOUTH COAST GALE: The motor cruiser *London*, owned by Mr. Phil Taylor, the stunt ice skater, pictured on the shore near Brighton where she was driven as a result of dragging her anchor in a storm. While drifting she had a remarkable escape from destruction by passing through the piles of the pier without touching them

TROUBLE AT SEA—

A THRILLING FINISH TO HENLEY'S GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: The German Wiking crew (nearest camera) passing the post about half a length ahead of the Jesus College, Cambridge, crew at the end of a gruelling and exciting race on the final day of the Royal Regatta, which was held in brilliant sunshine and before a big gathering both on shore and river. The Wikings started off at the tremendous rate of 12, 23½, 44½, but Jesus took the lead with 12, 22, and 41½, and steadied to 32. The Germans never dropped below 38, yet Jesus led by half a length at the First Signal and reached Remenham Barrier beautifully together in 2 mins. 7 secs.—very fast time in such a wind. There the Wikings spurted to 40 and made no impression. Jesus continued to go away, and when they led by three-quarters of a length at th Half-mile, English hopes were high. After Fawley the Germans came up a litt At the Third Signal Jesus still had two-thirds of a length, but here the high rate of the Germans began to tell, and they had come up level by the Mile Pos They gradually crept past the Jesus crew, and in a terrific race up the Enclosu just got home. Seldom have two more exhausted crews passed the finishing po



PARIS HOLDS JUNIOR SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS: Some of the boys and girls who took part in the contests at the Tourelles Baths where parents and quite a large gathering of spectators turned out to watch them show their skill in sprint races and diving

WOMEN AT THE WHEEL: These two competitors in last Saturday's Junior Car Club Meeting at Brooklands wore coloured scarves knotted beneath the nec in order to keep their hair properly in place when speeding round the trac

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YOUNG CHINA *At Play*

A NATION BECOMES GAMES CONSCIOUS: A Chinese girl engaged in putting the weight in the big stadium at Shanghai where sports meetings are held regularly every Sunday, attracting many competitors among young people and quite large crowds of spectators. It is only of very recent years that field and track athletics have achieved any degree of popularity in China, but there is no doubt that enthusiasm is growing apace thanks in large measure to the financial assistance given in this direction by the Government to various schools and universities. Girls are particularly keen participants

ON A GALA DAY: Youths outside the imposing main entrance to the stadium; an arena where one day the Olympic games may be held if China makes the progress in the world of sport that is anticipated. *On right*—Boys training for a putting the weight contest

IN SHANGHAI'S NEW STADIUM: *Left*—A march-past of schoolgirls before taking part in a Sunday sports meeting. *Right*—Tunes played on a parlour organ accompany child performers in a rhythmic athletic display. In the background can be seen the scoreboard above the grandstand

b

BOUNDARY-MAKING ON THE WILD SINO-BURMAN FRONTIER

The Work of the Joint Expedition to Yunnan and the Wa States where British and Chinese Officials are Delineating a Hitherto Vague Border

THE COMMISSION'S BODYGUARD: Members of the Chinese force accompanying their officials on the visit to Yunnan and the Wa States to confer with British officials and decide where exactly the Sino-Burman frontier shall run

CAMEO IN PANGHSANG BAZAAR: A man and woman of the Wa tribe, notorious at one t me for its head-hunting and other practices which, in the remoter parts of the borderland, may possibly still persist. Those pictured here have clearly come into contact with civilisation

ASSAYING THE FRONTIER LAND'S MINERAL WEALTH: Mr. Sondhi (left), a Chinese geologist who is accompanying the Joint Boundary Commission and, making a close study of conditions in the region of the Sino-Burman border

THE frontier of Yunnan (China) and Burma has been a vague line for many years, and the country an uncontrolled area where wild tribes have done as they pleased—much of their doings being none too pleasant. Contacts of various tribes have brought about a mixed race of people with Shans and Was predominating, for the region is the home of the Was, a wild race of headhunters who terrorised what has been a practically unexplored frontier State. The remoteness of this land and the uncertainty as to Wa activities were good reasons for avoiding this region, but this condition it is which has at last necessitated definite demarcation of the frontier between Burma and China. The Sino-British Joint Boundary Commission was organised some time ago and has now made good progress with its work, the British and Chinese

MARCHING THROUGH THE RUGGED TREE-CLAD HIL passing through wild country in the Wa States shor have since been hard at work demarcating the front as it will doubtless contain much hitherto unrecord

COLONEL ISELIN, the neutral chairman of the Joint Boundar inspecting the Chinese escort on the day the Chinese ar

AT THE FRONTIER RENDEZVOUS: The Commissioner the appointed day to begin their last season of wor Mr. Leong Yew Koh, the Chinese Commissioners, Colon Colonel Yang Shao Cheng, O.C. Chinese escort. Mr. Yu Toller, the British Commissioners, Mr. Hsu, Major Chen He

representatives co-operating in a comradely manner. The unmarked frontier line was about 200 miles long in a mountainous forest-clad district. Trouble in 1934–35 led to the determination to put an end to indefiniteness. A party of mineral explorers, investigating near the old silver mines at Lufang, while moving with a military police escort, discovered that Chinese irregulars, in co-operation with native bandits, were looting and burning in undisputed British territory. The military cleared up the bands, but the experience brought the question of the frontier line to a head. The preliminaries were soon settled.

In the nearby Shan States there are rich silver mines, and tales of mineral riches in the Wa area were common. Mining experts, as well as anthropologists, botanists, and others were

BENEATH A LOWERING SKY: The British column before making contact with the Chinese. The two parties and their report is being awaited with keen interest information regarding the region and its inhabitants

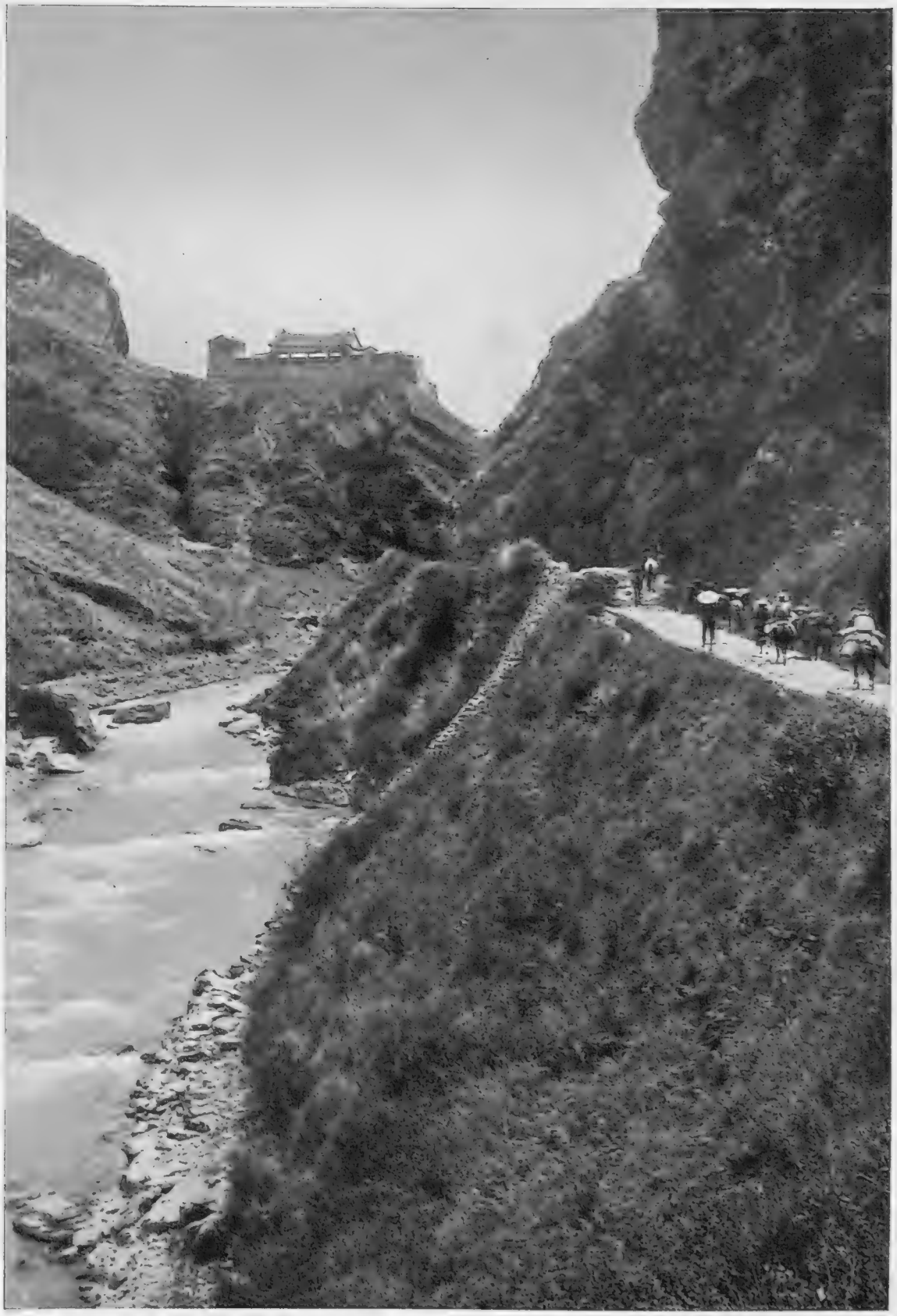
Commission, an appointee of the League of Nations, British forces reached their frontier rendezvous

pictured together at Mi Hpa Ku, where they met on together. Left to right—Mr. Cheong Tsu-Ying and Iselin, the neutral chairman from the League, Lieut.-Yueh, second secretary, Mr. Grose, and Mr. Stark Feng, and M. Prestre, secretary to the League chairman

attached to the expedition, and the research party of the Academia Sinica under Mr. Heng Hsien Hmin also joined up. This Chinese party had already proved Yunnan to be exceptionally valuable in mineral resources, and there is, therefore, no reason to doubt the prospects in the British Wa States. But confirmation of the work of the British research party is not yet available.

The Commission's work is not completed; with its completion the news then released will probably be important. Meanwhile, interesting research work is going on amongst the Was and the mixed tribes, and the territory is being brought under control.

WHERE CHINA AND BURMA COME FACE TO FACE: A bridge over the upper Shweli river, a tributary of the Irawaddy, in wooded country in western Yunnan not far from that in which the Sino-British Boundary Commission is at work, as depicted on the left. The bridge is constructed of heavy timber on piles driven into the river bed and is roofed in order to prevent the essential part of the structure from rotting in the rainy season



THE ROCKY ROAD TO THE HSIA—KUAN PASS at the southern entrance to the Tali plain of Western Yunnan. The fort on the rocky spur is garrisoned and a watch kept on travellers passing this way

THE SCENIC WONDERLAND OF WESTERN YUNNAN—ITS BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR

BIRTH OF A NEW ERA IN POSTAL COMMUNICATI
Postmaster-General, placing a letter in one o
ceremony at Southampton preceding the depa
flying boat *Centurion* (seen in background) o
Durban, carrying with it 100,000 letters, wei
latest reduced rate of 1½d. per ½ oz. The f
an air mail scheme which will eventually ex
which will be operated by the twenty-eight S
monster Armstrong-Whitworth land machines

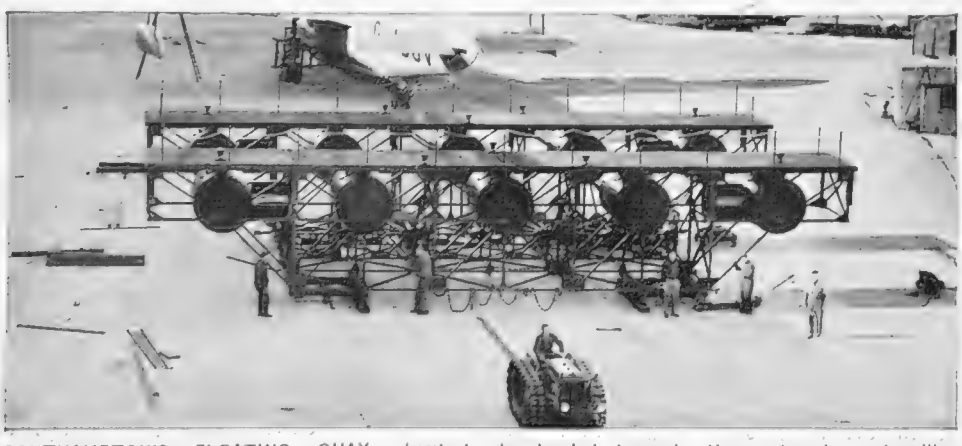
THE EMPIRE MAKES AIR MAIL HISTORY

The "Centurion" Leaves for South Africa, Thereby Inaugurating the New 1½d. Postal Service which will Extend Eventually Throughout the Commonwealth

TWO-and-a-half years ago a revolutionary scheme was formulated by the British Government for the development of the air routes of the Empire based on the carriage by air of all first-class mail for destinations along the Empire air routes without extra surcharge. It was proposed to charge a flat rate of only 1½d. for letters and 1d. for postcards addressed to Empire destinations instead of the much higher and varying rates then in force.

This staggeringly progressive scheme was far ahead of the ideas of other countries and broke entirely new ground in postal organisation. It involved a tremendous amount of work in preparing airports and ground equipment along the Empire routes and a drastic, costly, and ambitious programme of re-equipments by Imperial Airways, the Government's chosen instrument for the fulfilment of the scheme.

Apart from all other considerations, the success of the scheme obviously depended on the efficiency of the flying stock, and the management of Imperial Airways showed its confidence in the British aircraft industry by ordering twenty-eight Short Empire flying-boats and twelve Armstrong-Whitworth land machines straight off the drawing-board without any preliminary tests by a prototype machine.



SOUTHAMPTON'S FLOATING QUAY about to be hauled towards the water by caterpillar tractor. It is designed to accommodate the Empire flying boats when they are taking on passengers and mails, as shown in the pictures reproduced at the head of this double page

This confidence has been amply rewarded. Although the Armstrong-Whitw machines are not yet completed, a considerable nu ber of the Short boats are now in use. These h shown themselves to be magnificent perform and to provide a new standard of passenger comf

Obviously a scheme of this magnitude cannot brought into operation all at once and must be int duced gradually, but so far have deliveries of machi and the organisation of ground services progres that the intention is that air mail services with surcharge should be operating to South Africa, In Burma, and Malay before the end of this year; that the no-surcharge mail will reach Australia at beginning of 1938.

The more detailed features of the scheme h recently been issued by the Government a White Paper which states that the operation of scheme will be regulated by an agreement betw the Secretary of State for Air, the Postmaster-Gen and Imperial Airways Ltd. which will remain in f for fifteen years from January 1, 1938. The ag ment provides for nine services each week to from Egypt, five to India, three each to East Af and the Straits Settlements, and two each to S Africa and Australia, but under certain circumstan Imperial Airways may reduce this schedule to s services to Egypt and four to India.

Eventually it is hoped to bring Sydney wi seven days of London; Capetown and Singap within 100 hours of London; and Karachi and Kis within sixty hours. Such schedules must of co depend on the routes being fully supplied with m

THE "CENTURION" SETS OUT: The Imperial Airways flying boat drawing away from the floating quay at Southampton before taking off for Durban with the first load of mails despatched to an Empire country without surcharge. Among the letters was one from the King to the Governor-General of South Africa, Sir Patrick Duncan. From now on all first-class mails between the Mother Country and the Union will be carried by air at the new low rate, and before Christmas the scheme will be introduced on the service to India, Burma, and Malaya. Australia will probably come into line early next year

to them in paying load capacity, performance and operational economy, and embodying as far as practicable all modern improvements in aeronautical technique and construction existing at the date of replacement."

As far as finance is concerned the subsidy payable by the Government will be on a decreasing scale. £750,000 will be paid in each of the first three years of the scheme; £675,000 in each of the next three years; £600,000 in each of the seventh, eighth, and ninth years; £525,000 in each of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth years; and £450,000 in each of the last three years of the period of the agreement. A total of not less than £185,000 will be paid by the various overseas countries participating in the scheme in each of the fifteen years.

As payment for carrying the mails Imperial Airways will receive £900,000 per annum which will be paid from the Post Office vote but it is expected that at least £315,000 of this sum will be received in postal contributions from the various participating countries.

The Post Office expects to suffer an annual loss of about £200,000 at first but this is regarded as a reasonable cost for development and it is anticipated that the normal increase of traffic will abolish this loss within the fifteen years of the duration of the agreement.

To protect Imperial Airways against loss from unexpected traffic increases, the Postmaster-General will pay Imperial Airways £350 per ton in excess of 1,250 tons of mail carried outwards during the first seven years, and of 1,500 tons during the next eight years, and the company will be indemnified if abnormal mail loads reduce the capacity of the machines to carry other traffic. On the other hand the Government has the right to share any profits above a level which enables the company to pay a 10 per cent. dividend.

In this great scheme the Government and also the individual Departments concerned have shown an enterprise and a willingness to take a chance which we have come to regard as foreign to British governmental methods. In the words of the White Paper: "In an enterprise of such novelty and magnitude, it was felt to be preferable that the risk of changes in the factors governing costs and revenue over which the Company would have no control should be accepted by the Government rather than by the Company."

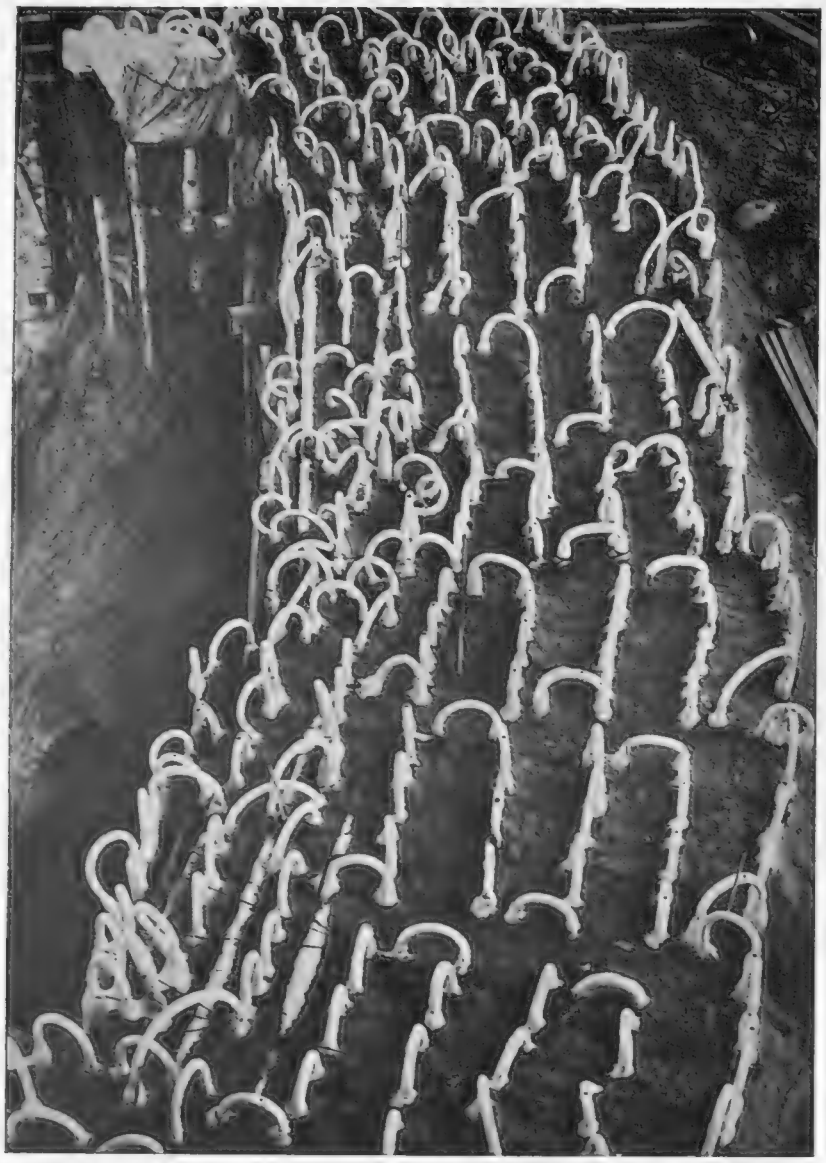
C. D. Palmer

Major G. C. Tryon, M.P., the mail bags during last week's of the Imperial Airways first 7,500-mile flight to 1½ tons, despatched at the marks the inauguration of throughout the Empire and flying boats and the twelve built, building, or projected

flying equipment and of experience gained in actual operation. At first the schedule to Sydney will take ten days; Capetown and Singapore will be reached in six or seven days; and Karachi in three or four days.

The agreement stipulates that the flying boats and land planes with which the scheme will be started, which have a maximum speed of 200 m.p.h. and a commercial payload at normal range of 3¼ tons, shall be replaced after not more than seven years service by aircraft: "not inferior

On right—
LUXURY TRAVEL ON THE EMPIRE AIR ROUTES: An impression of the sleeping berths and seating accommodation on the A.W. 27, the first of the twelve giant air liners built by Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft Limited for Imperial Airways' long distance services. There is accommodation for twenty-seven people by day and twenty people by night



GIANT ARTIFICIAL ICE-PACK STOPS LANDSLIDE: A close-up of the great section of earth, on the site of the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River, Washington State, after it had been subjected to a special freezing process and thus rendered static. By this expedient a landslide into the excavations was successfully prevented and much time and money saved. *Below*—A view of the excavations and the frozen section above them where the landslide was averted

Freezing Averts An American Dam Disaster

Government engineers, faced by an emergency at Grand Coulee Dam, recently achieved an unprecedented solution by clapping a giant artificial ice pack on a 200,000 cub. yard slide of earth moving at 2 ft. an hour and freezing it into immobility, thereby saving a situation that would have developed disastrously. The foundation of the Grand Coulee Dam, the principal structure of the Columbia Basin Federal reclamation project, is of exceptionally fine massive granite. During the glacial age this rock was overladen with a 500 ft. deep layer of pulverised earth. This material is comparatively stable and impervious when dry and undisturbed but, when moistened or disturbed, either by excavation or by the cutting action of the river, its stability is destroyed and it flows like molten lava. Since excavation started at the Grand Coulee Dam several large flows have encroached on the site. In order to counteract this engineers in charge of the dam decided upon an experiment in which the earth at the top of the slide would be frozen and thus strengthened to hold back the remainder of the material until the concrete had been poured to an elevation higher than that of the sliding material. Two refrigeration machines were bought second hand, having a total capacity of more than 80 tons of ice a day. About 6 miles of pipe was driven into the sliding mass in the form of an arch at the head of the gulch. Brine was forced through these pipes at a low temperature and the earth was frozen.

WHEN EVE DELVED FOR DIAMONDS

The Thrills of Working a Small Claim by the Vaal River

IF life is a fever, then digging for diamonds must surely be one of the highest points in the temperature of living. This I learned a year ago when I myself began to dig.

A veteran digger, who had often spoken to me of the early days of Kimberley, when Barney Barnato and Cecil Rhodes played their game of financial dice on the vast pavements of the Kimberley mines, was in our party. By the time we reached our host's home I had decided to throw up a newspaper job and become a digger instead. I asked my friend Madge, the veteran's granddaughter, to join me as a partner, and by candlelight we signed an agreement. Under its terms we were to share equally all the work, all the expenditure, and all the profits. No licence was necessary on the grounds of the Vaal River Estate, but of any find that resulted from working a claim on Estate ground 20 per cent. automatically belonged to the owners of the Estate.

IN THE HEART OF THE CLAIM, where the author of the accompanying article and a woman partner engaged in the thrills of digging for diamonds. They enjoyed their adventure thoroughly

Our agreement was witnessed by a group of adventurers who had toiled all their lives between the sun and the earth in search of diamonds, and at dawn the next morning we started work.

We marked off a piece of ground adjoining a worked-out claim that had in its day yielded thousands. We bought second-hand spades and shovels and two buckets from another digger who also worked his claim without the aid of machinery. In shorts and wide-brimmed hats, we set to work. For three hours we laboured with the dry earth, loosening stones and paving the way for the real work. We knew that there was no hope of finding anything until the surface had been worked out to a considerable extent. At lunch time we called a halt. We were more tired than we wanted to admit, but after a good meal we once more took up our spades and shovels and, when the sun went down on the first day of our lives as diggers, we had quite an imposing heap of earth to our credit.

A BACK-BREAKING ENTERPRISE: The women diggers scooping the earth into buckets on their claim near the Vaal River. They had several natives to help them in their weary task

In the course of the day an interested audience of natives had gathered about us. They watched the proceedings with signs of great enjoyment, and when we covered the claim for the night with the lids of several old petrol tins, two piccanins, extremely intrigued, offered to work for us on the following day.

During dinner that night a visiting traveller from the city laughed at our venture, but the diggers themselves did not laugh. I saw then more clearly than ever the difference in mind created by life in the city and life on the diggings. The man from the city saw the work only from the material point of view, and therefore thought it ridiculous. To him it was a waste of time and money and effort, something utterly lacking in certainty, something so completely opposed to the definite routine of selling certain "lines" that he could not see beyond it. But the men from the diggings saw excitement in our little patch of earth.

Madge and I went to bed tired, our limbs aching from the exertion of the day's work, but content. During dinner we had again been informed that there was no sense in washing the surface earth, but before dawn broke the next day Madge and I both awoke with the same thought in our minds, perhaps there was a stone somewhere in that heap of earth we had dug up. We crept out of the house, while it was still almost dark, and piled the earth back into the buckets. These we took into the yard, and placed the contents in a large tub of water normally used for the dogs' bath.

We scooped the sieve into this, and turned the wet mixture of earth and pebbles out on a small table near at hand. A kitchen knife acted as "sorter," but after an hour's work, only pretty pebbles that would amuse children at play, turned up in the wash.

We decided to follow the advice of the others, and at sunrise we were again scooping the earth up. Later in the morning the two young natives joined us. The work was tremendously hard, our muscles ached, and we began to feel the strain mentally as well. But with it all there was a powerful undercurrent of excitement, a feeling of elation almost a sense of genuine pleasure in the work.

I used to go to bed at night, seeing the earth rise in square brown lumps, to the rhythm of the moving spade. Sometimes, as I was about to doze off, pebbles would fall in an endless shower before my eyes, and when I fell asleep, it was only to dream of a sieve and a yellow diamond lying in the heart of the gravel.

We spent two weeks digging away the surface earth, and after that decided that it was time to start washing everything we dug up. The boys helped us to carry the buckets to the tub and to attend to the washing. This was on several occasions rather involved, as the dogs seemed either to resent the fact that we were using their bath for our own needs, or else, in high spirits, they would jump into the tub and splash our precious mud about carelessly.

(Continued on page 78)

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN INTERVENE IN U.S. STEEL STRIKE

Their Curiously Diverse Roles When Dealing with the Serious Situation in the Youngstown District, and Other Aspects of the Struggle

MOVING IN ON YOUNGSTOWN: Ohio National Guardsmen approaching the great centre of steel production where, in accordance with the orders of State Governor Davey and in support of Roosevelt's plea that public safety should not be endangered, they enforced "partial martial law" and prevented non-strikers from going to work in the mills pending settlementof the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company's and the Republic Steel Corporation's dispute with the Union. The employers, it appears, had refused to bargain or come to any terms with the employees' organisation and the action of the Ohio Governor in bringing in the troops definitely favoured the interests of the strikers. A few days later, on June 25, the situation took a surprising turn, however, Mr. Davey not only withdrawing his prohibition on the re-opening of mills but using the Guardsmen to protect non-strikers in their drift back to work. This has been only one aspect of an at times paradoxical position which in its fundamentals is none the less clear, being a titanic trial of strength between "big business" and organised labour

A CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE OHIO DISPUTE: Mr. John P. Owen, local organiser for the Committee of Industrial Organisation, pictured at Youngstown while interviewing the Press

ON THE MICHIGAN FRONT: Specially appointed deputies armed with rifles as they guarded the road to the Newton Steel Mill, at Monroe, to prevent members of the Union from attacking

A MEDIATOR IN THE STRUGGLE: Mayor Shields, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in the streets of the town during the strike, when, to keep imported agitators from the field, he attempted to enforce his ruling that only strikers producing their brass pay-checks should be allowed to act as pickets

THE month-long steel strike in the United States, of which the public has grown so heartily tired, has been characterised by an extremism and an unwillingness to compromise on both sides that have been the despair of President Roosevelt and his henchmen who have attempted to mediate in the struggle. Youngstown, Ohio, and Johnstown, Pennsylvania, have been the two main centres of the stoppage, and at the latter place acts of violence have been perpetrated on a truly alarming scale by strikers supporting the Union. Last week they actually did so much damage at the Cambria steel plant that it was compelled to close down once again

"YOU HAD BETTER STAY HERE, BUDDY"! Scenes such as this were frequent as Union men picketed the route to the Republic Steel Company's plant at Canton, Ohio and whenever necessary barred the way to non-strikers drifting back

BY ALEPPO'S AGE-OLD SILK ROUTE

Glimpses of Life along the Much-trodden Way through Antioch to the Mediterranean Sea

WHERE MANY A TRADER TARRIED: The Khan el Wazir, one of the oldest of the rest houses in the bazaar area of Aleppo and the stopping place of countless travellers making their way along the old silk route from the East, their caravans laden with rich merchandise for the buyers of the western world. The entrance to the building is of black and yellow stone and the interior of the gateway is richly carved

FOOTSLOGGING ACROSS NORTH SYRIA'S PLAINS: Wayfarers on the silk road between Aleppo and Antioch; a route rich in history and full of interest to the traveller of to-day. These people, with their red baggy trousers, evidence the Turkish influence still persisting in this part of the Levant

THE road from Aleppo, passing through Antioch to the sea, is one of the oldest traffic routes in the world.

On the fall of Palmyra, Aleppo became a great trading centre between the Eastern countries and the Mediterranean, and according to Egyptian records is some 2,000 years old. Thus from India and Persia, caravans with their rich merchandise came to the city, rested safely in the khans, and resumed their journey to the sea. Then, too, in early Christian times, it was a great pilgrimage route to the shrine at Qala at Semân where St. Simeon Stylites, a hermit of the fifth century, lived on top of a pillar for twenty-seven years.

The most interesting relic to be seen en route is a perfect example of a Roman road. It runs over the brow of a hill for a quarter of a mile, is 18 ft. wide, and raised 1½ ft., the paving being still intact.

There are also many fine ruins of churches, Roman villas, etc., all the way to Antioch.

H. C.

ROME'S LEGACY: This fine paved road, built when the Caesars held sway throughout northern Syria, runs for a quarter of a mile over the brow of a hill and at the point depicted here is intersected by the tarmac covered Aleppo-Antioch highway

THE PARADISE OF DAPHNE: As the silk road passes beyond Antioch towards the Mediterranean, the traveller gains a truly wonderful glimpse of this famed beauty spot which has been compared in its sheer loveliness with the vale of Tempe in Thessaly. Once there was a great temple there to the Pythian Apollo

A CARAVAN AT REST: Camels and camelmen on the Aleppo road

LOUDSPEAKERS ASSIST THE MUEZZIN IN HIS CALL TO PRAYER

SUMMONING ISLAM'S FAITHFUL—NEW STYLE: A loudspeaker installed on a mosque at Bursa, Turkey, to assist the muezzin, who only in this way can be heard above the traffic's din

ARE we not all familiar with romantic accounts of travellers in the East? How the muezzin in his turban appears on the balcony of the slender minaret, and, using his hands as a megaphone, sends out in all directions his curious sing-song call to prayer. But since fez and turban have been forbidden in Turkey, this custom has lost much of its picturesque quality. Nowadays the muezzin, who still calls the Faithful to prayer, wears a cap of European pattern like everyone else, and looks more like a workman than a priest. But in some towns modernisation has gone further. Traffic noises emanating from cars, trams, and motor-buses were found to swallow up all other sounds, so that it would happen that the Believer did not hear the call to prayer. Therefore, where traffic is heavy, loudspeakers have been installed on the minarets, for they carry the sound infinitely farther than hands laid funnelwise round the mouth. Thus the muezzin no longer has to climb laboriously the narrow staircase of the minaret five times a day, nor to strain his voice. Indeed if he should so please he can send out the first call for the early service before sunrise from the comfort of his bed.

FLYING OVER ALEPPO'S CITADEL: *A Mighty Fortress on an Artificial Mound*

LOOKING DOWN ON SYRIA'S GREATEST STRONGHOLD: An aerial impression of the Aleppo citadel standing on its artificial mound and rising sheer above the centre of the town, to which it is linked by a single viaduct crossing the deep but now water-less moat. Some Arabian writers claimed that the mound was supported by 8,000 columns, and others that the citadel's first foundations were laid by Abraham, but, whether or no there is any truth in this, the place certainly has great historic interest, having been besieged in turn by the Byzantine Emperor Nicephorus, by the Crusaders under Baldwin, by the Mongols, and in 1517 by the Turks. To-day Aleppo is one of the big trading centres of the States of the Levant, which have so lately been granted their freedom by France

Paul Popper

DEFYING TIME AND CIRCUMSTANCE: Another aerial view of the Aleppo citadel which, despite its many sieges and the earthquakes that have shaken it from century to century, still has a semblance of its appearance in medieval days when it played such a part in the history of the Near East. Some of the walls date back to A.D. 1170, the year that Nur ed Din, predecessor of Saladin, completed the re-building of the structure. *Inset on right*—A Beduin village with "bee-hive" houses near Aleppo's aerodrome

FAMOUS FORTS

These national defences have their modern counterpart in the stout walls and strongly-founded tread of the new DUNLOP Fort Tyres, built to hold the road, to protect life and limb, to safeguard comfort and to give the longest possible period of dependable service. Trust yourself and yours to the safe keeping of

DOVER CASTLE

Like the coastal fortresses of Hastings, Pevensey, Scarborough and Orford, Dover Castle was built to safeguard England from attack by sea, at just those points where invasion was most likely to be attempted.

The New **DUNLOP**

Fort

C.F.H.

"THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN": This painting by an artist of the fifteenth century known by the name of "Master of King Albert" is one of the principal exhibits at the exhibition of Austrian Art now being held at the Musée du Jeu de Paume, Paris

The Master of King Albert

A Brilliant Painter of the Gothic Era Represented at the Paris Exhibition of Austrian Art

THE great exhibition of Austrian Art at present being held at the Musée du Jeu de Paume in Paris is another of the series of highly interesting international art shows that M. Dezarrois, the curator, is organising at this museum. The remarkable exhibition of Catalonian Art, that took place last month, met with such success that it has now been transferred to the Château de Maison-Laffitte where, for a number of weeks, it will continue to draw the attention of a large public. On account of its geographical and historical interest this exhibition of Austrian Art forms, in a sense, a sequel to the retrospection of Catalonian Art. The present exhibition (XVth to XXth centuries) starts where the former left off (Xth to XVth centuries). This is the first time that such a complete collection representing the art of Austria, from the Middle Ages to the present day, has ever been brought together for public exhibition. There are all manner of paintings, sculpture and objets d'art of every period on view. The paintings of the Gothic era prove the outstanding feature of the exhibition, of which the picture here reproduced is one of the principal examples. As with most of these primitive painters, little is known of the life and work of the Master of King Albert. This "Death of The Virgin" (painted about 1441) forms one of the wings of a great altarpiece which the widow of King Albert of Habsburg, also Roman Emperor, on his death in 1439, commissioned the artist to paint for the Church of Our Lady of the Nine Choirs of Angels, on the Hof in Vienna. Unfortunately, the centre panel of this masterpiece has been lost. What remains of this great work is to-day treasured by the Abbey museum of Klosterneuberg. Soon after the beginning of the fifteenth century the style of Gothic painting changed from one where line and contour were the essential factors to a mannerism which stressed, above all, the expression of character. This was perfected by the Master of King Albert. The background of this composition, so typical of his work, is painted in gold, while the coverlet is a symphony of gold, black, and burnt sienna. The tiling is of white and brick red and in harmony with the robes of the figures standing round the dying Virgin

A. W.

East Anglia's Ermine Moth Plague

Caterpillars That Have Been Defoliating the Countryside, Spreading Their White Silken Web Throughout the Waveney Valley, near Beccles

By R. NEIL CRYSTAL, D.Sc.

A LANDSCAPE TRANSFORMED: An avenue of trees in the Beccles district of the Waveney Valley, heavily coated with a glistening, silken web formed by the myriads of caterpillars of the ermine moth that have of late been devastating this part of East Anglia, wantonly destroying foliage, bark, and other vegetation. Such plagues are very uncommon in this country, points out Dr. Neil Crystal in his article on this page

THIS Coronation year of 1937 has been signalised by two plagues of insect caterpillars, the first being those of the antler moth attacking grass land in Scotland and the north of England, and the second those of the ermine moth in the valley of the Waveney river in East Anglia, some miles west of Lowestoft. These two plagues are quite different and have no connection with each other. Our concern here is with the East Anglian outbreak.

The caterpillars are appearing in vast hordes along that stretch of the Waveney valley which lies between Beccles and Burgh St. Peter, the insects not having approached farther in the direction of Lowestoft. The countryside has been covered with a fine web of thin white silk which gives the whole scene the appearance of a winter landscape. Truly the inhabitants of this part of the country should remember this Coronation year whose summer should have been made "glorious by this sun of York," as having been, for some time at least, turned into "the winter of our discontent."

The caterpillars have been identified as those of the small ermine moth, an insect which is not common as a rule in that part of the country, and has never before appeared there in plague numbers.

The ermine moths belong to the genus *Hyponomeuta*, and the commonest British species is *H. padella L.*, whose caterpillars attack hawthorn, willow, and above all, fruit trees such as apple. The moths have white fore-wings spotted with black, a feature which gives them their popular name. The hind-wings are dark-grey with fringed margins. The wing expanse varies from three-quarters to one inch. The caterpillars, whch reach a length of about one inch, when full-grown, vary in colour from yellowish to brownish-green or grey, and they are often hairy, the hairs being dark in colour. They are characterised by their habit of living in companies.

THE SILKEN SHEATH: A close-up of the base of a willow tree covered with the web woven by the predacious caterpillars, whose activities have aroused such intense interest and even prompted a certain Sunday newspaper to send a military band to the scene of action in an attempt to prove the theory that the sound of brass and percussion instruments causes the insects to drop to the ground. The experiment was only partly successful

About a dozen species of ermine moths are known in Europe, and their life-histories are very similar. The moths are on the wing in northern regions from mid-July to August, and they lay clumps of fifty to eighty eggs on the bark of the young twigs, covering them over with a secretion which, on hardening, turns to a brown tinge. The caterpillars hatch out in three or four weeks, and pass the autumn and winter season under cover of the egg shells and the first web which they spin. They emerge from this lair in the early days of the following spring, and begin to attack the buds, boring into them if they are still closed, or attacking the young leaves if they have already appeared. As growth proceeds, the caterpillars group themselves into colonies, and proceed to spin nests of silk covering all foliage within their reach. Under the cover of these nests they attack the foliage, destroying all the green portions, and leaving only a skeleton of leaf tissues behind.

The leaves soon turn red, then brown, and finally wither and fall off. When all foliage within the compass of the silken web has been destroyed, the caterpillars leave the nest for pastures new where they spin a fresh and larger nest for further feeding activities. When the infestation is a heavy one, as in the present case, whole masses of colonies join together, and thousands of caterpillars are to be found living together covered by a common web. In many cases, not only the leaves but also the young bark may be attacked, and this increases the serious nature of the attack. Wherever they go, the caterpillars spin their web of silk, and the vast tracts of silken web which are shown in the pictures accompanying this article, and which have so transformed the landscape of East Anglia, indicate the amount of travelling which the caterpillars have done in search of food, as it is the willow trees and other shrubs which they are looking for, and not the grass and other low vegetation.

THE ALL ENVELOPING WEB: A riverside scene in East Anglia showing not only trees covered by the caterpillars but a large pile of bricks as well. It is difficult to determine how such a vast epidemic could have originated

The caterpillars pass into the pupal stage in July, pupating under cover of stout silken cocoons. This stage lasts only a few weeks.

Up to the present the ermine moths have been best known in this country as fruit tree pests, and the Midlands and South furnish records of serious damage done to apple trees. On the Continent similar damage to fruit trees is common but there are also instances of damage to forest trees.

Karl Escherich, the well known German forest entomologist states that these attacks are very uncommon however, and cites only two in the last seventy years. The first of these occurred in 1854 when *H. cognatella* devastated an oak forest and all the surrounding vegetation; and the second in 1881, when our common species, *H. padella*, attacked a willow region and completely stripped all the

(*Continued on page 78*)

A WINTRY SCENE: An avenue of trees enveloped in the glistening web which, is of such substance that it can be torn away in vast sections

HANNIBAL'S WAR ELEPHANTS MAKE SCREEN DRAMA

DEATH THROES: A Roman legionary accounts for one of Hannibal's war elephants at the battle of Zama, that decisive conflict of the Punic Wars in which the forces of Scipio put to rout the might of Carthage. This is one of the many dramatic moments in the new picture *Scipio Africanus* which has been made with the approval of Signor Mussolini and produced on a scale that can best be described by the use of Hollywood's favourite adjective, colossal, the battle scene alone demanding the services of twenty stars, 200 part players, 2,000 extras, three foot and two cavalry regiments, together with eighteen star and forty "extra" elephants. The performances of the last named are truly wonderful and the recording of their war cries as they rush to the charge has been very cleverly accomplished. Interestingly enough it was noted during production that the star elephants looked rather askance at the "extras" and it was a matter of great difficulty to get them to mix.

The profile of a female head, forming an antefix, dating from approximately 500 B.C. which has recently come into the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. It is considered a very attractive example of archaic Greek art in the terracotta medium

THE U.S. ACQUIRES A RARE ANTEFIX

A front view of the Metropolitan Museum's recently acquired antefix; a beautifully shaped end-cover tile from the roof of a Greek temple where it doubtless stood in a row with other images of like artistry

GRAZING IN THE SHADOW OF THE JUNGFRAU: Cattle in the pastures near the glacial region below the mighty peak. Here they come in summer to crop the fresh upland grass

UPHILL ALL THE WAY: A cattle tender and his boy on the way to the high pastures of Appenzell, carrying with them the churn, the cheese boiler, and other necessaries. In autumn they will return again to the lowlands with the herd

THE GOATHERD'S MORNING ROUTINE: Milking in the early hours at the little upland farmstead before turning his herd out on to the mountains. It is a lonely life, this, but when the year draws in he will be back among his companions in the village far below. In Switzerland this annual moving of the flocks and herds is part and parcel of the pastoral routine, only varying in date according to weather conditions

ASCENT TO THE HIGH, SUMMER PASTURES

When Switzerland's Herds Leave the Valleys for the Mountains to Crop the Fresh Upland Grass

Meerkamper

APPENZELL PASTORALE

Cattle passing through a village on route to the mountains—a summer scene in Appenzell, the canton that is said to contain in its small area a more concentrated idea of Swiss national characteristics than any other part of the Confederation

A CLASSIC BALLET: Marc Platoff and Irina Baronova are a brilliant combination in the Berlioz *Symphonic Fantastique*, a rather complex production demanding immense technical skill, which is one of the outstanding items in the programme given at Covent Garden by Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes

Left—BARONOVA: A star of Colonel de Basil's Company which, now that the opera has come to an end, holds undisputed sway at Covent Garden. *Right*—Serova sews a ballet shoe while Novikova, a newcomer from the U.S., writes a letter home. A scene in the wings during a rehearsal at the Royal Opera House. *Below*—A supremely graceful pose by Alexandra Danilova

BALLET COMES

ALTHOUGH the De Basil Ballet had been making what might be called a few tentative appearances at Covent Garden as an adjunct to opera, it was not until last Thursday that, opera having been cleared well out of the way, they came really into their own and the balletomanes—i.e., mostly young gentlemen with rather long manes—were able to give tongue to their shrill enthusiasm. Some of this enthusiasm is "chi-chi" and a vast deal of nonsense is talked (and written) about ballet, but much of it is quite sincere. Besides, the vogue continues and increases year by year, its followers now being by no means confined to the precious. The Philadelphia Ballet at the Hippodrome has been such a success that its short season was turned, as I ventured to foretell it would be, into a slightly longer one. London must see again Miss Catherine Littlefield and her troupe but, in particular, Miss Catherine Littlefield, who is a really lovely dancer *and* a blonde.

But to return to Colonel De Basil. In the opening programme three old ballets were chosen, one of them, *Cimarosiana*, half forgotten, and the other two, *Aurora's Wedding* and *La Boutique Fantasque*, as familiar as household words and a good deal more picturesque.

Cimarosiana is classical but far from dry-as-dust; the grace and freshness of its tunes are such that one wonders why so little of Cimarosa's music is heard nowadays in concert halls. Massine's choreography aims at a succession of pleasing pictures rather than *virtuoso* stuff from the dancers, though Madame Danilova (dancing better than ever this season) and Mlle Riabouchinska (surely the lightest thing on human legs) are capable of any technical feat. Both these great artistes can suggest sly humour simply by dancing, and how that is done I do not pretend to know.

Not only was *La Boutique Fantasque* applauded almost continuously, so that it was difficult sometimes to hear those pretty little pieces which Rossini wrote in his old age; each character was received with the shouts which used to greet the appearance of a favourite comedian's number on the proscenium in the old music-hall days. Loudest shouts were reserved for the Snob (M. Shabelevsky) and the Can-Can dance of Madame Danilova and M. Massine. A stately ballet of Imperialist Russia is *Aurora's Wedding*; it was given a fine performance both by the star dancers and by that imposing figure, the Master of the Ceremonies, who "did nothing in particular and did it very well."

The London Philharmonic Orchestra gave no signs of having spent months in strenuous operatic work, including two cycles of *The Ring*. Their playing seems to grow in polish and vitality

"No Sleep for the Wicked."—"When you're a married man, Samivel," said old Mr. Weller in *Pickwick*, "you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I *rayther* think it isn't."

We went through such a lot in the first act of *No Sleep for the Wicked* at Daly's Theatre in the way of preliminary explanations, hints of coming drama, discussions as to the request or the necessity of pale-faced Christians bossing it in a land of dusky infidels (the land being Tangier and thereabouts) and the introduction of a female spy, who was only supposed to be Russian but of whose alluring appearance there was never any doubt, for so little real information in return. That act might have been spun out into a whole play. It had at least two good comedy scenes in it and sufficient drama for Mr. Martin Walker to be murdered and to die, squirming in the agony of poison, after he had incoherently gasped out some clues which, if more explicit, might have told us what it was all about. As it was, I failed utterly to understand the hang of the thing; all that was definite was regret for the premature death of Mr. Walker.

Nearly all the people concerned, and the cast is a large one, had plenty to do, and did it well. But they did little more than take part in a long and misty prologue to a second act which was not much more clear.

But here we did see gun-running in progress, guns actually being run (or, rather, walked) across the stage, with Miss Claire Luce to point out the excellence of one of them with such technical slickness that she might well have been doing nothing all her life but run, walk, or sell machine-guns.

Mr. Peter Haddon, meanwhile, had not been idle, what with strangling a negro and nearly being shot by a white man with the blackest of souls. All this would have been good Edgar Wallace stuff had it moved faster and more clearly. What I did gather in the last act was that the villain, who had masqueraded as a vendor of carpets and feelthy photos, had the beautiful spy in his clutches. So it was only just that he should have been trotted off to prison to leave her to enjoy her freedom, and to linger over a sentimental parting from Mr. Haddon, who had a nice young wife and was the type which

INTO ITS OWN

First-rate Productions at Covent Garden : Hollywood Makes a Screen Version of "Night Must Fall"

By PHILIP PAGE

plays cricket and does not desert nice young wives even for people not so nice, but much more interesting.

This play does not, I think, deserve the hard things which have been said of it. It is too slow for a "thriller" and hardly funny enough for a farce, and too complicated for either. But it has many scenes which in themselves are good value as entertainment, and Mr. Haddon's lackadaisical manner gives excellent point to the comedy and makes the revolver-firing, nigger-throttling, etc., effective. Miss Claire Luce is an actress of such original and versatile accomplishment that she can play anything from Lady Macbeth to a revue heroine. She obviously found it as easy to give a touch of the feline power of Bernhardt as La Tosca to a rather ordinary penny-dreadful part as to look exotically lovely while doing so.

"The Last Train From Madrid" (Film).—Were the Paramount people being cock-a-hoop or strangely modest when their publicity department announced that only Paramount would have dared to release a film like *The Last Train From Madrid* now at the Plaza?

If the latter, let me say that although it is poor stuff other film companies have perpetrated films still poorer. If the former, and the former it must be, I cannot see where the deed of derring-do precisely comes in, any more than it would in the making of a film of the siege of Jerusalem. Indeed *The Last Train* has not much more to do with the event in history than with the present Spanish trouble, for it is just a sentimental yarn of no particular originality and only occasional topicality. The sentimentality is capably looked after by Miss Dorothy Lamour (what's in a name?) and Mr Leon Ayres, and there is some good acting by Mr Lionel Atwill as a strong but not conspicuously silent man.

Of the tragedy of Spain to-day there is hardly a suggestion. Perhaps that is well, though the familiar publicity blurb that this film is "the truth behind the screaming newspaper headlines" is an odd claim. Even more odd is it to find the film trade, (which knows something of screaming and sensational superlatives) regarding newspapers from a lofty position of dignity and restraint.

What I can commend in this film, in addition to technical efficiency, is that no attempt has been made to lavish propaganda or set out one side as wholly saints and the other side as wholly sinners. It is not difficult to picture what Russian film-makers would have done with such a subject. And will do.

"The Court Waltzes" (Film).—Queen Victoria is very much the vogue now, both on stage and film, so it is inevitable that there should be strange vagaries of treatment. I cannot hope to see a stranger one than *The Court Waltzes*, at the Capitol with the great Queen portrayed as a modern blonde, with no attempted resemblance to the original, and a side-whiskerless Prince Albert. Yet it is all rather charming and gives no offence: it is just as fragrant as the *Victoria Regina* play at the Lyric, and if it is not historical it at least does not pretend to be. The treatment, the acting, and the music are here all-important and they could hardly have been better.

The music is especially admirable, for, in accordance with the title, the waltzes of Strauss (Johann) and Lanner have been drawn upon and a very good selection too. A visit to this film might be paid as a fantastic and completely enjoyable aftermath to *Victoria Regina*. Let me add that the Daly-fication instead of the beautification of a great monarch does not in the least jar.

"Night Must Fall." — Mr. Emlyn Williams' play, *Night Must Fall*, so immensely successful in London, did not, it seems, quite hit the bull's-eye in New York. None the less, Hollywood has seen fit to film it, and the result I have just seen at the Empire. The job has been done well, but the popular Mr. Robert Montgomery as the murderer struck me as being more conscientious in the part than at his ease. He was too obviously a good sort for a murderer of an exceptionally nasty type; it is a pleasant performance and should have been an unpleasant one.

Dame May Whitty, who plays in this film the part she created in the play at the Duchess, ran away with the whole thing. For her performance alone the Empire is worth a visit.

"FOUR DAYS WILL QUICKLY STEEP THEMSELVES IN NIGHTS; FOUR NIGHTS WILL QUICKLY DREAM AWAY THE TIME" says the fair Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, to her betrothed Theseus (Gyles Isham, right centre) as he complains of the "long" wait before their marriage. The opening scene in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which was recently presented with considerable success at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park

LESLIE FRENCH IN AN IDEAL ROLE: As Bottom in the Open Air Theatre's fine production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

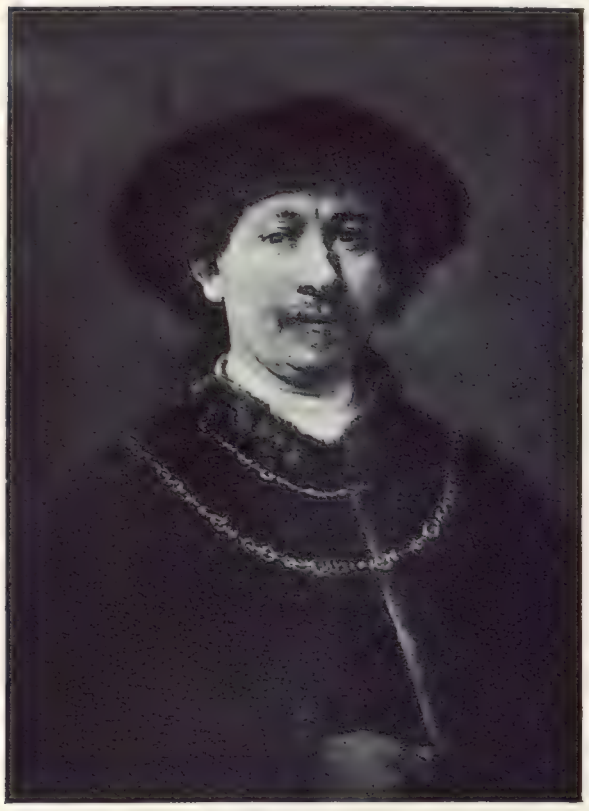
CALPURNIA'S LADIES: The costumes worn by these participants in *Julius Caesar*, the latest production at the Open Air Theatre, have been lent for the occasion by Alexander Korda who had them made by John Armstrong for his film *I, Claudius*, based on the novel of the same name by Robert Graves

"LIBERTY! FREEDOM! TYRANNY IS DEAD! — RUN HENCE, PROCLAIM, CRY IT ABOUT THE STREETS": The death of Julius Caesar as shown on the stage of the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, where this Shakespearean tragedy is now enjoying a fortnight's run with Neil Porter in the title role, Ion Swinley as Marc Antony, Eric Portman as Brutus, and Laidman Browne as Cassius. Next month *The Tempest* will be given

THE SALEROOM: NO FLAGGING IN THE "DOG DAYS"

Sound Prices Persist in the Art World: Zoffany an Exception

CORONATION YEAR has brought great vigour and rewards to the salerooms of London, due, no doubt, in part to the numerous visitors attracted to the festivities of the early summer. Continental buyers have been noticeable at all the important sales, beginning with the



£11,500 FOR A REMBRANDT: This self-portrait by the Dutch master, showing him in his more prosperous days, was sold last month at Sotheby's and gave further evidence of the high prices prevailing in the salerooms

imposing dispersal by Messrs. Sotheby of the Rothschild pictures and furniture in 148, Piccadilly, which lasted for

ANOTHER HIGH PRICE: £2,900 was paid at Sotheby's on June 23 for this religious painting entitled, "Eli and Samuel," by B. Fabritius, brother of Carel Fabritius

over a week at the end of April. This brought in the very large total of £125,262, the leading item being the small picture of a Dutch courtyard, by P. de Hooch, which realised the large sum of £17,500, a record for any picture by this famous Dutch artist.

Then came the sale of the Loyd pictures by Messrs. Christie—a collection mainly consisting of Dutch masters formed by the grandfather of the owner. One of the best pictures was "The Anglers" by Hobbema which was bought for 7,000 guineas—a good price but far below the astounding sum of 16,000 guineas paid in 1930, for "A Landscape with a Broad Road" from the Earl of Faversham's collection. A "Woody Landscape" by Y. van Ruisdael made 5,200 guineas and other pictures climbed well over 1,000guineas.

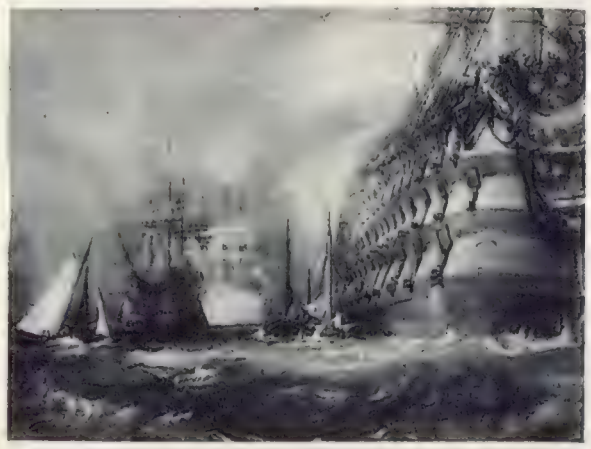
Among the surprises which added to the general excitement of the salerooms was the large amount paid for five panels by Boucher which had been hanging at Harlaxton Manor, Grantham. When put up for sale at Christie's on June 18 something like £8,000 was expected, whereas they climbed to 22,300 guineas, by a curious coincidence equalling exactly the sum given for four Boucher panels belonging to Sir Joseph Robinson in 1903.

The breaking-up of the great house of Clumber, Worksop, the seat of the Dukes of Newcastle made a great stir in the saleroom—the pictures going to Christie's and the magnificent library to Sotheby's, both sales attracting large crowds and great interest. Hogarth's famous picture "Southwark Fair" was the most notable among the pictures, and the most important example of Hogarth's works to appear in the saleroom for over half a century. It did not reach however any new record for the artist, when it was purchased for 2,900 guineas. In itself it belongs to the series of "chronicle" pictures, those in which Hogarth faithfully portrayed the living scene in front of him, putting in actual portraits of a famous prize-fighter and of a steeple-flyer dropping from a church tower, and of Fawkes, the conjurer. Southwark Fair had had a long history from its grant by Edward IV but was suppressed in 1762, about thirty years after its immortalisation by Hogarth in 1733.

A short while ago (June 23) a self-portrait by Rembrandt, in his more prosperous days, wearing a black cloak edged with fur and wearing a double gold chain, was sold at Sotheby's for £11,500. It had been seen at the Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House in 1929. At the same sale a beautifully painted and sympathetic picture of the old Eli looking down tenderly at the youthful Samuel, by B. Fabritius, the brother of Carel, realised £2,900.

The Clumber Library, formed by the Dukes of Newcastle, was not very well known to collectors though it contained some magnificent and rare examples of books and manuscripts. The greater part of the library was made by the fourth Duke, who had the unlucky experience of being detained in France for four years when the Peace of Amiens came suddenly to an end, leaving English visitors stranded in France. It is thought that he acquired during those years in France a love for French literature which is reflected in the library. His chief purchase, however, was the library of Thomas Johnes, M.P. for Hafod, who specialised in MSS. of French chronicles and romances, and whose greatest treasure was the superb manuscript, *Book of Hours* of Isabel of Brittany, which bids comparison with the famous *Bedford Book of Hours* in the British Museum. It contained thirty-two large miniatures by an artist of the first order, each of which was surrounded by smaller miniatures representing contemporary scenes. One set of these pictures is thought to be connected with Joan of Arc, and some colour is given to this by the fact that Guy de Laval, Isabel of Brittany's husband, was one of Joan's most fervent supporters, remaining steadfastly with her till the coronation of Charles VII at Rheims.

In a letter to his mother he describes his first meeting



"A FIRST RATE TAKING IN STORES": This fine Turner water-colour, from the collection of his patron W. R. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, was sold for £987 at Christie's last week together with other works by the same artist

with Ste. Joan, saying "to see her and to hear her speak, she seems a thing wholly divine." This exquisite manuscript which has retained its original beauty was bought by M. Giraud Bidau of Paris for £13,500.

The fifth Duke of Newcastle made an excellent purchase

BOUGHT IN: "The Family of Sir William Young," by Johann Zoffany, which was purchased by Sir Philip Sassoon in 1928 for 7,000 guineas, failed to reach half this price when offered at Christie's recently and was accordingly withdrawn from auction. Its purchase in 1928, it must be remembered, took place during a great Zoffany boom

when he bought, for a few pounds, one of the six known copies of Caxton's *Reynard the Fox*, and said to be the only

A ROWLANDSON IN THE AUCTION ROOM: This work, by the English master of caricature and entitled "Place des Victoires, Paris", was offered at Sotheby's on Wednesday

copy ever likely to come up for sale, the others being in public libraries. It must have been a joy to the troubled Duke, then Foreign Minister, during the difficulties of the Crimean war, to expend a little money on a literary treasure which brought the goodly sum of £4,200 on June 21. A copy of Shakespeare's *First Folio*, purchased by the first Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister under George II, and described by most historians as the most incompetent of those who held that high office, realised £5,600, considerably below the sum anticipated, which may have been at the altitude of that given for Lord Rosebery's copy, which fetched £14,500.

Sales will be continuing throughout the month of July. Sotheby's are offering on the 13th an important series of pictures by Canaletto, belonging to the Earl of Lovelace, which are particularly interesting in an English collection, as a record of the patronage which the artist enjoyed in England. In the same sale there are some drawings of fine quality by G. B. and D. Tiepolo.

B. H.

On right—THE FIRST BOOK TO BE PRINTED WITH MOVABLE METAL TYPE: A portion of the second volume of the Gutenberg Bible, containing 260 out of the 317 leaves, went for £8,000 to a representative of the Rosenbach Company, Philadelphia, when offered on June 21

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

JULY 1ST With my wife to Lord's, in roasting heat, to see the first match at cricket I have watched for a twelve-month. Where matters proceeded at such a snail-pace that I fell to sleep and awoke with a throat dry as a sand-dune. Thereupon we withdrew to slake ourselves, she with Schweppes Sparkling Lime and I with that same Lime and a finger's depth of Gin. And the gentle coolness and frolic sparkle of the Schweppes did so restore me that I set about explaining to my wife the subtilties of first-class cricket and how briskly it should be played if I had my way. Which I fear did all go in at her one ear and out from the other.

BE SURE YOU SAY

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HOLIDAY HATS

THERE are two things to be said about holiday hats. The nicest of them are not expensive, and they certainly are not difficult to wear. They should be light and they should have a casual air so that they may be in keeping with holiday clothes.

To wear with your beach suits choose a hat that is amusing. The one on the right is made in a coarse natural straw. It has a high squared crown, it is trimmed with a plait of raffia and with sailing boats and fishes in American cloth, it costs 16s. 11d., and it comes from Gorringes of Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

The hat below is made in white or pastel-coloured linen with a stitched brim and a trimming of rouleaux. This comes from Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus, W.

Boats and Fish in American Cloth

HERE is something new and charming, the Lastex crown of the hat on the right. Made in white or pastel coloured crêpe, it has an adaptable stitched brim, and a neat stitched sole trimming. This, too, comes from Swan and Edgar, and it can be packed without any trouble, for no amount of hard treatment will harm it. It costs only 12s. and would look delightful with any sort of summer frock

BE sure to remember your sun glasses if you want to wear a hat like this on days when the wind is blowing. Made in linen, it is trimmed with petersham ribbons, it has a stitched brim, and a crown from which sections have been cut out to show the hair. It costs 12s. 11d. at Gorringes

THE FILM CENSORSHIP: HOW IT WORKS

WHERE LORD TYRRELL PRESIDES: The main entrance to No. 10, Carlisle Street, the house off Soho Square in which Dickens lodged Dr. Manette, the physician in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and which recently became the new headquarters of the British Board of Film Censors. The place was built by Sir Christopher Wren for the first Earl of Carlisle and still retains many of its seventeenth-century features. Gay window boxes adorn the exterior

FILM censorship—in other words, the British Board of Film Censors—is trebly topical at the moment. First of all the Curzon Cinema has at last obtained permission to show *The Court Waltzes*, a film which includes scenes from the life of Queen Victoria; secondly there is the news from America that the Will Hays Organisation has banned the bathroom sequence in which the beauteous Marlene Dietrich appears in *Knight Without Armour* although it was passed for public exhibition over here; and thirdly this is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of film censorship in this country.

Actually *The Court Waltzes* was sent to the British Board of Film Censors as long ago as 1933 for approval. But it immediately received the white slip, which means total rejection. This was automatic because the depiction of Queen Victoria or any subsequent members of the Royal Family was totally forbidden at the time, and continued to be so until a few weeks ago. When the last ban was lifted, the Marquis de Casa Maury sent the film along again to Carlisle House for approval. This time he received a red slip. Which meant that strong but not insuperable objection was still taken to the film.

After a round-the-table discussion with the examiners and the secretary of the board (Mr. Brooke Wilkinson) the Marquis agreed to tentative cuts. This involved taking out about 200 ft. of the film—a very tricky business. For, while the film runs at 90 ft. a second, the sound track is four seconds ahead of the scene shown. It is impossible therefore, not to make even larger cuts than are demanded at both ends. The 200 ft. excised made Queen Victoria—so it is suggested—a little undignified. The attitude of the producer of the film was that it was as much a fantasy as *Congress Dances*. However, you can now see Queen Victoria kissing and being kissed on the screen.

The banning of the bathroom sequence in *Knight Without Armour* is by no means the first occasion that the Will Hays Organisation has objected to scenes in English films which have been tolerated at Carlisle House, the headquarters of the British Board of Film Censors. You may remember the excitement caused by what is known as "cleavage" in a film in which Anna Neagle starred. There was also mutilation of the film version of *Living Dangerously*. The Will Hays Organisation said that the film purported to praise the Crown Prosecutor for defeating justice. This is distinctly far-fetched, and when you realise that the British Film censorship label a number of American films as "horrific" it seems all the more surprising.

A DELIGHTFUL PERIOD SETTING IN CARLISLE HOUSE, the new headquarters of the British Board of Film Censors off Soho Square. The panelling is from Mildmay House whilst the elaborate ceiling is a replica of one formerly in the Old Palace Bromley by Bow and now in a London museum

SOMETIMES FROWNED UPON: Martha Eggerth and Marie Bizet in a bathroom episode from the French version of a German film. Such sequences are always liable to be banned by the Censor

In all, the British film censors have eight tabulated reasons for objecting to films. They are: (1) the irreverent treatment of religious subjects; (2) habitual immorality; (3) undesirable vulgarity; (4) grisly details of medical operations and reflections on the medical profession; (5) collusive divorce; (6) revolting monstrosities; (7) sordid themes; and (8) intimate scenes of child-birth. Individual reasons for condemning a section of a film further include any bull-fight sequences, and couples in bed. In respect of this it is entertaining to learn that Counsel's opinion was taken as to the definition of a couple being in bed. Lawyers finally propounded the theory that a couple were "in bed" when both pairs of feet were off the ground.

It was in 1912 that the film industry decided to clean up its own stables. One of the reasons for this was that a number of films were being imported from abroad which some people regarded at the time as being dubious in character. And in those days it was important that Nonconformists who abstained from the theatre could be spiritually at ease after a visit to the cinema. (To-day many strict Catholics keep away from the theatre but visit the cinema.)

The first film censor was Mr. G. A. Redford, who had been an examiner of plays in the Lord Chamberlain's office and had left. He held down the job for a number of years—until his death, when Mr. T. P. O'Connor succeeded him. After "T.P." came the late ex-Home Secretary, Mr. Edward Shortt. At his demise Lord Tyrrell, the present Film Censor, took over the duties. Lord Tyrrell does not often see a film himself even though his signature approving it appears on the screen. He relies on his own chosen examiners. Of these I saw five when I paid a visit this week to Carlisle House. Colonel Hanna, to whom I was introduced, was reclining comfortably on a sofa reading a scenario. Miss Hussey and another examiner were waiting for a film to be shown in one of the two theatres at the back of Carlisle House. Two other examiners were carefully watching Mr. Paul Lukas in an intimate scene of a new film. There may be others, I fancy, however, that with Mr. Brooke Williamson, the secretary, that forms the total.

Every year more films are made and the burdens of the examiners are therefore increased. Five years ago 1,864 films were examined and there were twenty-two complete

THE BEDROOM SEQUENCE is always very care assistants, though producers are, of course episodes, knowing by experience what will "get treating every case strictly on its individual Graves, he keeps before him a list of certain

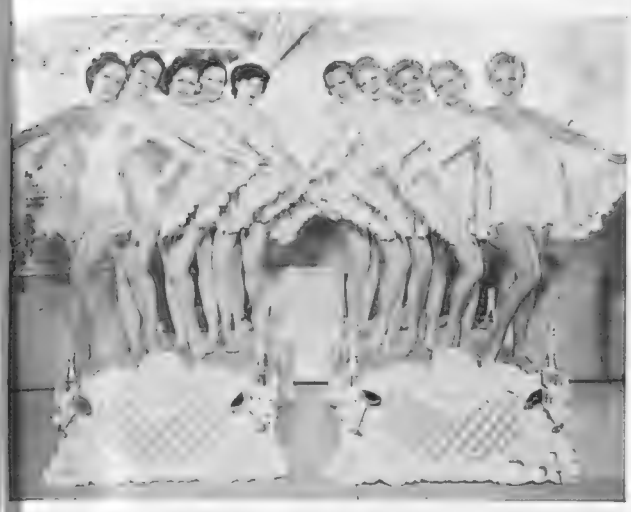
AND WHERE

Two Thousand or More Pictures Examined by Lord Tyrrell's Staff in the Past Year

By CHARLES GRAVES

bans. This year, according to Lord Tyrrell, there were 2,416.

These involved over 6,500,000 ft. of film. What is more, each film is carefully examined and in the case of those passed in the adult category a report or synopsis is written on each film which can be referred to at any time after the film has been certificated. 2,000 were passed with the Universal certificate last year, and 414 with the "A." Of these, two were silent and two "horrific." Exception was taken to 391 films though the incidents to which exception was taken were not of a serious character. In most cases they were objectionable words or phrases not considered desirable for family entertainment. Altogether there were only eight total rejections, the remainder being "cut" to suit the film censorship.



FLUFFY BUT HARMLESS: As long as there is no undue disrobing the Censor seldom intervenes in sequences of this nature

One of the most difficult films was *Green Pastures*. Even before the film was examined the Board of Film Censors received a volume of correspondence from all parts of the country demanding that the film should be passed for general exhibition. Many of these letters came from clergymen. The delicacy of the situation was increased by the fact that the Lord Chamberlain had banned the play some years before; it had, however, been broadcast by the B.B.C. Lord Tyrrell wisely invited a number of ecclesiastical authorities to view the film with him. After seeing it they agreed that if the public entered into the spirit of the film they must be impressed by its reverence and simplicity. Several amendments to the film had to be made, however, and it was duly certificated. But Lord Tyrrell was prudent enough to advise the Will Hays Organisation that it would be undesirable for a wave of this type of film to be produced in America with the object of exploitation in Great Britain.

Similarly, Lord Tyrrell had a long talk with a leading Hollywood authority about religious subjects, and in future the British standard will be adopted in Hollywood. Occasionally, as Lord Tyrrell pointed out in a speech the other day, attempts are made to introduce quotations from the Scriptures, and words and tunes of very sacred hymns in unsuitable surroundings. Efforts are also made to reproduce the marriage ceremony in a comedy vein. All such incidents are regarded as quite out of place at Carlisle House and are always deleted.

GUARDIAN OF SCREEN MORALITY: Lord Tyrrell of Avon who has been President of the British Board of Film Censors for the past two years, being responsible for a staff which has the task of examining over 6,000,000 feet of film a year. Lord Tyrrell was at one time British Ambassador in Paris

Another type of excision is inevitable—incidents in films showing cruelty to animals or restraint amounting to cruelty. At the present minute there is a Bill before Parliament which, if it becomes law, will be known as the Cinematograph Film (Animals) Act 1937. It was read a second time two months ago and eventually handed over to a Standing Committee. It precludes the exhibition of any film containing a single incident which might allegedly involve cruelty even if that incident had been expurgated by the Censors. Commenting on the Bill, *The Times* said "A pessimist has been described as a man who wears a belt as well as braces. In giving the second reading to Sir Robert Gower's Bill, the House of Commons shows the prudence of the pessimist. Once more the Home Office proclaimed its complete confidence in the absolutely infallible braces, the British Board of Film Censors; the House responded by ordering a belt."

One department of the Film Censorship Board consists of reading books, plays, treatments, and scenarios. Each story submitted is carefully considered and a short synopsis retained for future reference. Recently an American producer submitted the whole of his output for the coming season.

But who pays for the film censorship? The answer is that the film trade really pays, and on the following scale. Films known in the trade as "topicals" or "locals" are examined at a fee for each silent film of 2s. per 100 ft.; full length sound films are examined at the rate of 4s. per 100 ft.; educational, nature study, industrial, and scenic films are examined at the rate of 1s. 6d. per 100 ft; unless they are silent,

fully watched by the film Censor and his as a rule dextrous in their handling of such oy." The Censor works to no rule of thumb, nerits but, as pointed out by Charles ubjects that are likely to be doubtful

THE HORRIFIC: This style of screen drama often has a rough passage through the Censor's office, steps being taken to see that children are not exposed to anything unduly frightening which might have a very serious psychological effect upon them in later life. In these cases pictures are labelled for exhibition before adult audiences only

(*Continued on page* 78)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Lord Cottenham Writes a "bread and butter letter" to the United States

A GENUINELY grateful guest is one of the most pleasant of social phenomena. The host feels that his efforts of hospitality have been appreciated, his visitor can be presumed to have enjoyed himself, and the whole affair is a triumph of cordiality. Lord Cottenham is such a guest it seems, for his travel book, **MINE HOST AMERICA** (Collins. 16s.), is in the nature of an enthusiastic bread-and-butter letter, nearly 500 pages long.

Briefly, Lord Cottenham drove across the continent from New York to Los Angeles, and flew back. He describes his journey and illustrates it with snapshots taken with his own battered but efficient camera. But that is only the barren outline of a book filled to overflowing with descriptions of scenery, reported conversations, digressions, anecdotes, appreciations, mechanical information, statistics, philosophic reflections, epigrams, and asides.

The chief impression that one receives, and the most important to the innumerable people to whom the author has specifically dedicated the book, is that he enjoyed himself thoroughly. He was entertained, some would think, within an inch of his life, but he remained genial, patient, and appreciative.

He was an indefatigable voyager, and a tireless commentator. Motor cars and aeroplanes being two matters on which he is a technical authority, he gives us the benefit of his experiences with them during this trip, and his account of the return journey via United Air Lines is particularly interesting, since it is far from being the naïve recital of a ground-minded man. His conclusions, all of them extremely favourable to the service he used, are summed up in his own phrase, "I blessed the speed and efficiency of public airlines in America."

If once or twice his digressions seem to lack point, or even interest ("In the afternoon, the sun won through, the sky cleared, and it was possible to see a great distance"), that is a small fault to find with a book so unfailingly good-humoured, observant, and lively.

Mr. E. Nils Holstius used to be a director of a famous gramophone company. He also used to write novels in what little spare time remained to him after sitting up all night with song writers, music publishers, reviewers (I have his word for it), and American stars. In the five years he spent in this way he was, by economic standards, a successful man. At this point in his life he decided to abandon the "shackles of an office desk" and find some other way of earning money.

In **HOLLYWOOD THROUGH THE BACK DOOR** (Bles. 10s. 6d.) he writes of his first attempts at earning money through films. To depend on the royalties from his books, as he admits with candour, would have meant living remotely and uncomfortably in the country. In the film business however, large sums of money were said to be flung about with admirable nonchalance. A novelist, to whom plots come abundantly, might very well earn his living in Hollywood by writing for that market.

Mr. Holstius sailed to try his luck. His plan was to live first of all in Los Angeles, disguised as an English seaman, and calling himself Ed Hamilton. There he would learn the ways of film people, from the poorest strata—up. He would attempt to get work as an extra, familiarise himself with the methods as well as the human element, and then, and not till then, use his many letters of introduction to directors, and see how the work suited him, and how he suited the work.

The first part of his plan, as far as Los Angeles, went according to schedule. Mr. Holstius-Hamilton hitch-hiked, lived in the slums, saw strip tease shows, acted as groom at a fashionable polo ground, and appeared briefly in a gangster film. Then he was unfortunate enough to fall downstairs and break his hip and following that to spend many weeks at what appears to have been an outstandingly bad hospital.

From that moment his fortunes took a different turn. Although he had abandoned his alias and produced his letters of introduction, Mr. Holstius found more hospitality than concrete offers of work. Everyone, he assures us, was charming. The most famous stars were simple, understanding folk, and the agents and film magnates enthusiastic as far as the first stages of negotiations. After that there seemed an invariable hitch. Mr. Holstius might get, and give, a great many parties, but the only contract offered him, and that tentatively was for only a small sum.

This, as far as I can see, must be the experience of anyone visiting Hollywood without a ready-made and cast-iron contract. It certainly need not depend on the quality of their writing as any reader of Mr. Holstius' chapter of biography can see, for he tells his story with freshness and with a wry sense of humour that should not be out of place in one of the more enlightened movies. Altogether—a warning to ardent Hollywood-philes, besides being a very refreshing antidote to the "success story" of fiction.

"A GREAT PROPHET CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE INDUSTRIAL AGE": This is one of the apt descriptions of Richard Jefferies, the renowned Victorian writer on wild life, who forms the subject of a biography by Henry Williamson. It is published by Faber and Faber and contains many delightful extracts from Jefferies' work

Reviewed By
VERNON FANE

A story which begins in Sarawak and ends at Quaglino's, via Mecca, sounds remarkable enough, even in these days of ubiquitous travellers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

JONATHAN CAPE.—A HOUSE FOR JOANNA. By John Heygate. Illustrated by Philip Gough. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—ACROSS HEBRIDEAN SEAS. By Iain F. Anderson. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—THE BRIDGE. By Francis Stuart. 7s. 6d. THE CRESSET PRESS.—PROMETHEUS AND THE BOLSHEVIKS. By John Lehmann. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. COUNTRY LIFE.—ELEMENTS OF STABLING. By Captain R. M. S. Barton. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. PRACTICAL JUMPING AND SCHOOLING. By Major J. L. M. Barrett. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

FISHERMAN AUTHOR: Leo Walmsley, whose new novel, *Sally Lunn*, has just been published by Collins and continues the story of "Bramblewick," the Yorkshire fishing village, that has figured in his previous books. Mr. Walmsley has had an interesting career. In 1914 he joined up as a private, was commissioned to the R.F.C., and served as a flying officer through the German East African Campaign, crashing no fewer than fourteen times, and earning four Mentions and the Military Cross. Always interested in natural history, Mr. Walmsley after the war accompanied various scientific expeditions to Africa. Later he and his wife went to Cornwall, where they made their home in a derelict army hut which they found on a wild part of the coast; they made furniture out of washed-up planks, and caught, hunted, or grew nearly all their food

Mr. Nils Holstius Sees Hollywood's Strange Life From More Than One Angle

Mr. Owen Rutter has written this account of a unique voyage, made by a friend of his, who for the purposes of the book is called Mr. David Chale. Mr. Chale became converted to the Islamic faith while in Sarawak, where he worked in the Rajah's government service. After the war, and after his conversion, he returned to London determined to accomplish the journey to Mecca, which is the ambition of all true Muslims.

Before starting he made a flying trip back to fetch his young Malay wife, and together they set off for Jeddah, the nearest port for Mecca. Mr. Chale met with the greatest difficulties from that moment. For an Englishman, even an Englishman of the right religion, to attempt to go to Mecca is an extremely hazardous undertaking. Years ago Richard Burton succeeded and even entered the mosque itself but he was disguised, and knew that the penalty for discovery would have been death.

Mr. Chale, as a Muslim, demanded the same privileges as Muslims of other races, and after weeks of waiting and parleying, his request was granted and he set out for Mecca. **TRIUMPHANT PILGRIMAGE** (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) is the story of this venture as he related it to Mr. Rutter, and the words are, nearly enough, his own. Of all the obstacles in his way the most daunting was his interview with King Ibn Saud, but Mr. Chale got his own way in this too, by use of simple logic, a text or two from the Koran, and a sternly pointed forefinger.

As with all deeds of heroism, mental or moral, the simplest telling is the most effective and Mr. Rutter's admirably matter-of-fact style endorses this. A few of the reported conversations sound a little inhuman, but apparently that is an old Malay custom, and true to fact. "How could we know it would be so hard?" laments Mrs. Chale. "As hard as drinking vinegar from the wings of a fly. And now we are like kites whose cords are broken." "The lot of the coconut is to float, and the lot of the stone is to sink," her husband returns, apparently *à propos*, and the discussion ends.

Still, these exotic conversational gambits suit this strange story, in which perhaps the strangest phrase of all is the: "I will telephone to Mecca," that is spoken by an Emir.

One of the strangest of love stories is recalled by the publication of **BELOVED FRIEND** (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.), the history of Tchaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck, whose romance lasted for fifteen years, although they never met. It was a unique situation, since their friendship, and later their love, was founded on a constant exchange of letters, and this correspondence constitutes the whole of their acquaintance with each other. This is the first time that those letters have been presented to the public in English, and they are the final clue to one of the most baffling romances.

Madame von Meck, when she first became interested in Tchaikowsky as a composer was forty-five, rich, a widow, and the mother of twelve children. She was also a person of great culture, and particularly interested in music, having founded the Moscow Conservatory of Music. It was the head of that Institution, Nicholas Rubinstein, younger brother of the great Anton, who first introduced the young Tchaikowsky's work to Madame von Meck, and it was with that work that she fell in love.

Soon the widow was commissioning Tchaikowsky for compositions, an approach very welcome to him since he was a poor man by contemporary standards. Her letters of appreciation and thanks became warmer in tone, as did the composer's replies, until they were exchanging what were in truth love-letters. "I greet you, my dear, with both my hands . . Loving you with all my heart," she wrote in 1879, and a few weeks later he answered, "My relationship with you, exactly as it now stands, is my greatest happiness and the rock on which all my welfare rests."

Both felt that a meeting, face to face, would have spoilt everything, and they took elaborate precautions to avoid this, although they were often in the same town together. For many years Madame von Meck supported Tchaikowsky with her influence and encouragement, and by discreet gifts of money which made it possible for him to live in peace, in Moscow or the country, in the solitude his work demanded. Two years before his death the friendship came to an end. Madame von Meck wrote to Tchaikowsky that she had suffered severe financial losses and could no longer afford to make him any allowance. The fact that she intimated that this would be enough to end their friendship deeply offended him. He wrote her an affectionate, emotional letter, but there was no answer. The story had come to an end.

Miss Catherine Drinker Bowen and Miss Barbara von Meck have produced a book of great distinction. More than most romances of fiction it transports the reader to another world.

LITTLE AUDREY, ARTHUR, AND ALBERT CENTRE OF AN ADMIRING THRONG: These cubs at London Zoo have recently been separated from their mother, now having a cage of their own where they receive visitors who, as depicted here, are sometimes allowed to stroke them

LIONISING *at* LONDON'S ZOO

The Cubs, a Centre of Attraction in Regent's Park

On right—BED-TIME FOR CLIMAX: Juno, the lioness, about to pick up her two months old offspring in her jaws and carry him away to the inner part of the cage. Max and his brother Climax are great favourites and were recently seen by T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose during their visit to Regent's Park

BAPTISM AT KING'S CROSS: The High Commissioner for India unveiling the name plate of the *Empire of India*, the third of the Dominion class streamlined locomotives that has been built specially to haul the L.N.E.R.'s Coronation express, one of the world's fastest trains

SPEEDING NORTHWARDS: The L.N.E.R.'s Coronation express passing Hadley Woods on its first trial run last week when it averaged 109 m.p.h. on a measured mile near Essendine. At the rear of the train is a streamlined observation car with what is known as a "beaver" tail. From this passengers obtain wonderful views of the country through which they pass

INSIDE THE "BEAVER"-TAILED OBSERVATION CAR, one of the great features of the L.N.E.R.'s London–Edinburgh–London Coronation Express. The seats in this car are not reserved or numbered, being available for a dozen or so passengers to use in turn

Birdland's Children Make Their Bow

Shepherded By Their Ever Anxious Parents

BY MURIEL W. HAYWOOD

ABOUT the beflowered countryside in these luxuriant days the butterflies are all a-wandering. To the gaze of the wayfarer, as it rests upon the wide expanse of the meadow-lands, it would seem as though some of the many gay blossoms that are clustering there in their rainbow hues had loosened each a petal. And thereupon, coloured in carmine and topaz, violet, rose, and azure, these were set adrift the foaming green seas of all this verdancy. . . . So the butterflies, like flower petals, float and take their pleasure; and add yet another beauty to the summer landscape. Abundance is the key-note of this richly blooming season; and the country places have put forth of their best and brightest to charm the eye.

There is much doing just now, for these are busy times. Along the narrow turfy pathway the thrush is leading her young. These speckled babes appear greatly larger than their anxious mother who is shepherding them with so much care—pausing at intervals to give a glance behind so as to re-assure herself that, as happens now and again, neither of her too venturesome children has strayed off into the jungle of the undergrowth.

There are many other babies of the birdworld about nowadays besides these young thrushes, for this is the season when feathery youngsters are to be encountered at every turn. And thus it is that here, there, and everywhere, are agitated parents in charge of their offspring. Of these, some are but recently from the nest; whilst others are, by now, almost fully equipped both in bodily strength and in their so lately acquired experience—and thus prepared to make their own way, and seek out their own fortunes.

Upon the slopes of the bank the bracken has grown so tall that it is even overtopping, in some cases, the various bushes thereabouts. These for the greater part consist of broom, laden thickly with seed-pods, shorn of all its earlier beauty and half hidden beneath the fronded shades of the high bracken growth. At first sight all seems still; but presently there comes a slight movement in the fern, and a small voice can be heard occasionally in harsh ejaculation, uttered in a cross undertone, because he imagines that something or some-one is about, which is very disturbing and most annoying to the touchy whitethroat. And he never hesitates to say what he thinks! He has a most particular dislike of any intrusion into his haunts, and more especially at this moment; for very near at hand are his wife and their entire family. One of the whitethroat children is seated upon a twig of broom close to his father. The resemblance between the two is, as yet, somewhat blurred and indistinct. The plumage of the infant bird is dull and soft.

He gives a faint, hoarse cry—a very mild imitation of his parent's voice. And very soon the whole party proceed to change their play-ground for a while. One by one, each emerges from the ferny tangle; and, following closely upon each other, the father and mother and all the baby whitethroats flit over the grassy ground. They settle for a few seconds upon the thicket; and then they are lost to sight within its denser parts. Most rapid is the development of these young things. In their case this is a matter of much importance; for before them lies a great adventure—and an adventure that will tax their youthful powers to the uttermost extent. But, fortunately, this does not lie in the immediate future. Therefore, in the coming weeks, all advantage can be taken of the benefits of Nature's bounty.

There are fresh notes to be heard on every side. All these small sounds are more or less recent additions to the summer chorus of bird voices. Quaint cries they are for the most part—minute pipings and squeaks—scarcely can they be called melodious, but yet with an attraction of their own. They are a welcome reminder of what this season has brought to the land—a new generation to proceed with that most valuable work, and to occupy that most ornamental position, assigned by Dame Nature to the birdland folk.

And next, in the great elmtree, there sounds another parental call; and, not without some difficulty, the slender figure of a warbler may be caught sight of, the while he flits in ceaseless movement about the branches. There are touches of yellow about his feathers—he is a wood warbler, a lover of the green recesses of the woodlands. In lissom and rapid flight he hurries, picking a tiny caterpillar from beneath a leaf. This he then conveys to the expectant beak that awaits him close at hand. And then back once more, to scan the fruitful verdure of the lofty tree, so full of good and succulent food; most nourishing for young and ever-hungry warbler children. There is a sweet, fine quality in his song which is of itself alone. A delicate music to be heard so often in the earlier season.

A considerable variety is to be observed in the flower life that is growing near the elm, and all about the fields and thickets of this place. The deep mauve blossoms of the mallow are very noticeable and here she stands with branched stems amongst the verdure at the edge of the great meadow. Farther within, a warm touch of pink is introduced by the pretty centaury blooms, growing in little tufts upon their upstanding stalks. This attractive plant owes her title to a certain mythological centaur, Chiron by name, one who was greatly skilled in the use of herbs. Here, too, is the great mullein, beside the hedgerow. As though striving to rival this, she has attained a height of close upon 5 ft. She makes a good appearance with her yellow flowers which rise in an elongated spike, and her leaves that so curiously resemble pieces of flannel. So do these three types of flowers intwine their tints into the bright colour scheme, there to lose themselves amongst the countless other hues.

As to the wherabouts of the family of wrens there can be no doubt whatsoever! Full of an immense importance, the parents hustle their chicklets along with loud outcries of encouragement and—at times—rebuke. So small—so very small—and yet so bold, and surcharged with such a vigorous life—the wren is an astounding personage. Along be-ivied ways, through the brushwood, the busy party leisurely progress. Fat bunches of brown feathers, jerking tiny impertinent, so-called tails, the voice of the father wren re-sounding loudly—still to be heard from afar are they, until at length, they vanish.

And thus are these rich hours of the mature season filled to over-flowering with a vivid young life, and with gay young voices.

REAPING TIME IN KENTISH FIELDS: A harvesting scene in the garden of England, where, as in many other parts of the country, the hay this year is particularly luxuriant and particularly early in date. Some fine crops have been brought in without a drop of rain to mar them, a good deal being ready for gathering well before the mid-June thunderstorms began. Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire farmers have been particularly lucky

Special "Sphere" Pictures by Topham

RIPE FOR GARNERING: Another scene in a Kentish field as harvest time approached. In some parts of the country not a man or boy is out of work, so urgent is the demand for cutters to deal with the big crop. The price of hay will naturally be low this year, but wise farmers are making full arrangements for proper storing, knowing that the hay, like wine, will improve with keeping

CORONATION YEAR'S BUMPER HAY HARVEST

The Phenomenon of the Summer Holiday Camp

A ONE-STOREY VILLAGE: An overhead impression of the rows of chalets forming the Squire's Gate Holiday Camp on the sand dunes near Blackpool and St. Anne's, which has in the space of three years grown into a vast settlement comprising some 600 dwellings which can be hired at extremely low rentals. As Charles Graves pointed out in his article last week, camps such as this are springing up on nearly every part of the coast, achieving a degree of popularity that is certainly giving the old-style boarding-house keeper food for thought. *On left*—New arrivals at the reception office where they receive their keys. *On right*—A glimpse of the shopping centre which has its own post office and other facilities

On left—THE NEW BALLROOM which has recently been completed at Squire's Gate, thus adding still further to the amenities of this holiday camp. With a place such as this no one need be despondent if the weather chances to be unfortunate

On right—GETTING SHIP-SHAPE FOR THE DAY: Holidaymakers do their own housework, but it takes a surprisingly short time to put the little chalets in order

On left—PREPARING THE MID-DAY MEAL: Cooks at work in the kitchen of the holiday camp's restaurant

On right—THE SHOPPING CENTRE where campers can buy anything from the proverbial "needle to an anchor". The well-stocked grocer's employs no fewer than fifteen assistants

On left—THE RESTAURANT is tastefully decorated and has separate tables which can be reserved. Some cook their own food in the chalets, but many stay at the camp on inclusive terms and dine communally

On right—IN A CHALET BEDROOM: A plainly furnished but extremely comfortable little room with hot and cold water laid on

This England . . .

Dittisham-on-the-Dart, S. Devon.

TO lie upon that thin grass that grows only beneath trees; to hear but the fat chuckle of water and the "over-wind" like distant breakers; to see no movement but the cloud galleons across a blue gap; this is peace—in England. No enervating peace, mark you. Even the placid Dart has borne some queer fish, from the first Saxon invader to the merchants from hereabouts who carried on the Bordeaux trade (and not a little piracy beside) when Agincourt was news. This England does not breed them soft, as food and drink reveal. Who but a virile race would find, mature, and maintain so grand a beer as Worthington, that true old English ale.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

WHEN EVE DELVED FOR DIAMONDS

(Continued from page 54)

In spite of all these difficulties, even the sceptics began to take our work seriously, and one afternoon a digger told us that the earth looked very promising. Madge was beginning to complain of backache, and we found ourselves growing tired at an earlier hour every day. So we decided to engage two more native boys, and then we continued work with this increased staff!

One afternoon the gravel looked really promising, and we decided to wash the first two buckets. A feeling of greater excitement than usual swept us, and my hands shook as I turned the sieve on to the table. Madge cried out in excitement, and I looked down to see something yellow gleaming in the centre. A sense of terror came over us, terror caused by too great tension. I closed my eyes, afraid to look at it, while Madge went to call her father and another digger from a neighbouring claim. My heart thumped loudly. At last the weeks of hard work were to be rewarded. A million plans flashed in rapid succession through my mind; I fulfilled every ambition I had ever had in the few minutes that elapsed before the others came. Then I heard Madge's father laugh heartily, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, girls. It's only a river stone. But I might have been deceived myself!"

We threw the stone to the dogs. Neither Madge nor I wanted to continue work straight away. The reaction was too great, and for the first time, I think, we realised the enormity of such an undertaking from the point of view of those who depended permanently on digging for a livelihood.

A few days later I received an offer to sail for London. It was a long-standing ambition, and I could not afford to miss it for many reasons. Madge and I had spent every penny we had on the diggings. When I laid down spade and shovel beside our claim, and took farewell of my partner, I thought the fever had left me. Now I know that it never will. B. S.

EAST ANGLIA'S ERMINE MOTH PLAGUE

(Continued from page 60)

trees of their foliage. In both cases, the countryside was strewn with the white silken web, so that the landscape in his own words presented the appearance of a *Winterlandschaft, alles weiss in der Sonne lebhaft glänzend*. "A winter scene, all shining beautifully white in the sun." Escherich states that usually recovery from attack is rapid when the feeding period of the caterpillars is over early, as the trees have plenty of time to put on a fresh crop of leaves. In the case of fruit trees, however, severe defoliation leads to loss of much of the crop.

CONTINUATIONS

With the evidence at our disposal it is idle to speculate as to how such a vast epidemic can have originated, but there are one or two speculations which we can make as to how its end will be brought about, and these concern the agents of natural control which affect the numbers of the caterpillars.

These moths are attacked in the egg, caterpillar, and pupal stages by a number of parasitic enemies. Most of these belong to the order hymenoptera, and one of the smallest of them, a tiny chalcid wasp *(ageniaspis fuscicollis dalm.)* attacks the eggs, and has the useful habit of being what is known as "polyembryonic." By this we mean that from each egg laid by the parasite a number of young are produced by a process of cell-division. It is easy to see from this, how the numbers of such a useful parasite can be quickly increased and what a valuable agent in control it might be.

Other parasites of the ichneumonid and braconid types are also enemies of the caterpillars, and there is little doubt but that at the present stage of the East Anglian outbreak, these must be commencing to make their influence felt in controlling the numbers. In this connexion, the work of Dr. W. H. Thorpe on *H. padella*, published some years ago, is of interest. He states that in places where the attacks are massed, and food-plants abundant, the numbers of parasites attacking the caterpillers can increase very rapidly, so that soon over 45 per cent. of them are affected.

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Other factors are also working against the caterpillars. The initial increase, which may have been due to favourable weather conditions in the egg and young stages, can now produce such overcrowding that starvation from lack of food supply sets in, and the weakened caterpillars become a prey to disease of the "virus" type, which will wipe out many of them. The onset of wet weather conditions will also help.

It is likely, therefore, that the plague has now passed the zenith, and that some combination of factors such as noted above has the situation well in hand. To judge by previous records of similar attacks, recurrence is unlikely, and one can only hope that defoliation has been confined to the leaves, and that the bark of the shoots has not been affected to such an extent as to cause the death of many trees.

THE FILM CENSORSHIP:

(Continued from page 71)

in which case the fee is 1s. Last year, as I say, the examiners saw 6,500,000 ft. If we assume that 6,000,000 ft. were ordinary sound films and the remaining 500,000 were "shorts" of various descriptions, we come to an annual gross income of £13,000. This does not seem very much considering the amount of work involved and the admirable speed with which films offered for examination by distributors, exhibitors, and agents are viewed, certificated, or rejected.

No wonder that the film industry as a whole approves of the present system. It is true that one or two exhibitors tell me that they would prefer a governmental control censorship. Sidney Bernstein, for example, who controls thirty-four cinemas, says that he would prefer this. "I know I am an exception to the rule," he said, "but I am sufficiently democratic as to like the opportunity of airing an appeal from the censorship in the House of Commons." Another exhibitor said that he would much prefer the film censorship to come under the aegis of the Lord Chamberlain. "Look how sophisticated the Lord Chamberlain is," he said. "He very properly allows scenes on the stage which would never be tolerated on the screen, although they do no harm to public morals whatever."

But it must not be thought that the British Board of Film Censors is the final arbitrator. On the contrary. If an exhibitor fails to secure the British Board of Film Censors' approval to his picture in any shape or form, he can always go to the Watch Committee or Entertainment Committee of the local County Council. In London it would be the L.C.C., and it has happened more than once that the L.C.C. have passed a film which the British Board of Film Censors has refused. It is doubtful, though, whether this enterprise is worth while. The British Board of Film Censors can be very obstinate when future films are shown to them by the exhibitor who goes over their heads.

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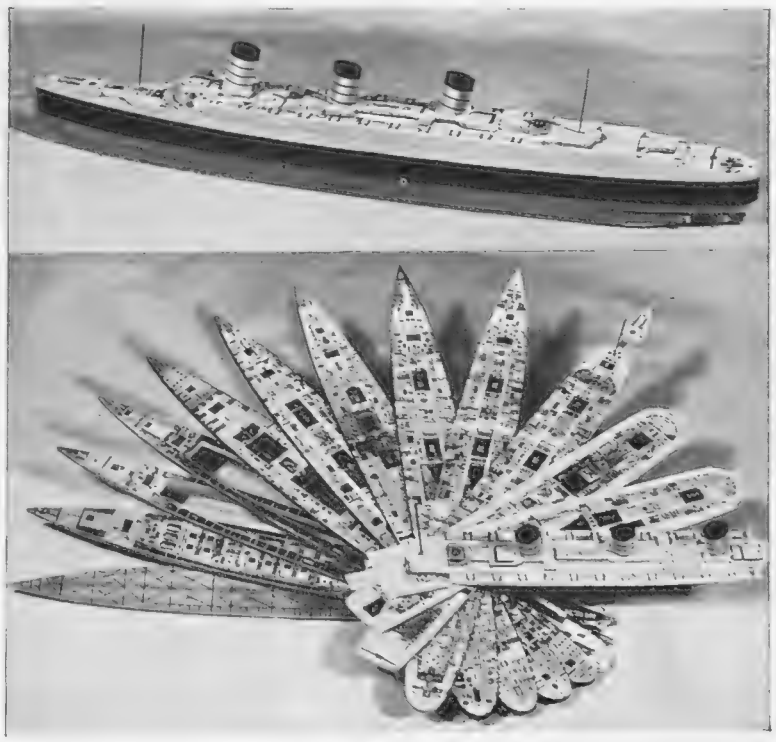

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HANOVER

A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth while when one is in Germany. This year, however, in view of the Coronation, Hanover is of particular interest to English people.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain, which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

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ICELAND'S LURE

A Country that is Forbidding Only in Name and is Far More Up to Date than it is Widely Thought to be

IT is curious that the Vikings named Iceland and Greenland in the manner they chose, when it would have been so much more suitable had they exchanged the names of the two countries. In fact Iceland was thus called from the huge glaciers, the sight of which first impressed the Norse pioneers as they neared land. Greenland, the subject of a later and unsuccessful attempt at colonisation, was so named in order to draw colonists to its inhospitable shores. Actually recent research has proved that in-breeding and diseases arising from lack of vegetable foods, and not the climate, were responsible for the dying out of the Norsemen in Greenland.

Iceland's name then is the most forbidding feature about a country which deserves more to be visited. There is something in the Far North which has always drawn those who live in more temperate climates, and Iceland has a peculiar fascination of its own. Almost treeless, with its bare plains, great mountain ranges, and magnificent waterfalls and lakes, often to be seen through the most crystal clear atmosphere in Europe, the country achieves the essentials of a landscape without the embroideries sported in shape of the vapours and forests of other lands. It has a rugged bare splendour of its own.

LOOKING ON THE LAND OF SONG AND SAGA: Taking a first glimpse of Iceland as the boat steams along the mountainous south coast before reaching the chief port and capital, Reykjavik. Iceland to-day is attracting quite a number of the more venturesome holiday-makers

The journey to Iceland is easy; steamers ply at frequent intervals from Hull and Leith to Reykjavik, and for those who are prepared to hazard their interiors on boats of somewhat small tonnage, it is recommended to travel by one of the steamers calling on the way at Thorshavn, the capital of the Faroe Isles. First established as a base by the Norse adventurers, the Faroes (literally, "sheep islands"), apart from being the invariable land-fall of every depression one hears reported on the wireless to be approaching from Iceland, have retained their ancient customs and simplicity. Here on sheer cliffs higher than most English "mountains" the puffin is still caught in hand-nets. (They taste when boiled and roasted remarkably like a grouse with a partiality for fish). Here, too, the whale drives still take place with all the daring and skill characteristic of the original Vikings. Though subjects of the Danish Crown, the Faroe islanders have very close affinities to the inhabitants of Orkney, Shetland, and North Scotland. Their country is wild, beautiful, and mist-shrouded.

In clear weather and twenty-four hours before reaching Reykjavik, the snowy peaks of Vatnojökull, with Öraefajökull towering above all, rise above the horizon. Presently other peaks appear until the famous volcano, Hekla, comes into view. Before reaching the capital the steamer passes, and may make a brief stop at the Westmann Islands, the home of a hardy race of fowlers and fishermen. The frowning cliffs are the resort of innumerable puffins, razor-bills, guillemots, and eider-ducks (whose down under a rigid system of control forms here the basis of a minor industry), and a dozen species of gull. Talking of birds it is sad to remind oneself that a volcanic eruption in the first quarter of the last century destroyed the last, inaccessible breeding-place near these shores of the great auk, and so led within a few years to its complete extinction.

July and August are the best months for a visit to Iceland, and Reykjavik the best centre for excursions. There are comfortable hotels there, and motors can be hired for trips to the various points of interest. This is not the place for a dissertation on the superb fishing (perhaps the best to be had in Europe) or the bird-life of the island. But, in passing, it may be of interest to mention that practically every lake, stream, or river offers fair or good trout, sea-trout, or char fishing at a very reasonable price, not to speak of salmon-fishing, which inclines to be expensive. And Iceland is, among that of a host of other birds, the breeding place of such varieties as the harlequin and long-tailed ducks and the whooper swan. Upon this island, too, the Kings of Europe in the Middle Ages relied for supplies of the most precious and beautiful bird of sport, the Icelandic falcon. It is curious to think that the price of this exquisite bird was once recorded in terms of many gold pieces or several first-rate horses.

STREET SCENE IN REYKJAVIK: The main thoroughfare in the Icelandic capital, a town of some 8,000 inhabitants that has made great strides of recent years in the realm of commerce

From Reykjavik the most important expedition to be made is to Pingvellir, the "Plain of the Parliament." Here, with the wide circle of fantastic peaks in the distance and the great lake of Pingvallavatn as a background, the Parliament of Iceland met on the banks of the little River Oxara. Its first session took place nearly 1,000 years ago. Here the laws were proclaimed from Council Rock, here the athletes from all over the island held their sports, and here the sagas were proclaimed by the bards. For nine centuries the place was the centre of this civilisation; one must go to Olympia to find a parallel.

Another day must be set aside for visiting the small mount of Langarfjall on a spur of which lies the famous Great Geyser, the greatest wonder of Iceland. After having ceased to spout since 1916, an operation on the floor of the pool was lately performed with success, and visitors may now again hear and see the subterranean rumbles and the column of boiling water and steam thrown up to 100 ft. into the air. Nearby are two small geysers, Opervishola and Sundur. If either of these fail to function the oblation or insult of a cake of soap will invariably produce the desired effect.

Iceland is a country of waterfalls. None to compare with them exist elsewhere in Europe. Such are Skogafoss in its wild surroundings of mountain and ocean, the Sogsfossar River's three great falls all within little less than a mile of each other, and the Gullfoss with its cascade over stair-like barriers and final plunge over a solid basalt ledge into a yawning void. On a sunny afternoon the Gullfoss is an amazing sight; facing due west its waters are then turned from white to shimmering gold, and the rainbows come and go across the chasm. To see the largest of all European waterfalls you must travel by sea to Akureyri on the north coast; thence about 80 miles to the Dettifoss. At this point the river emerges to break up into rapids and then, where a rift in the lava has split its bed into a ravine, the tormented waters plunge over a ledge 400 yards broad in a sheer fall of 180 ft.

It may be news to some that Iceland is warm, often hot, in summer. In June it is light all day long, and for a few days one may see the midnight sun. The clarity of its atmosphere we have already mentioned, and its grand scenery varying from desolate lava plains to rugged mountains, glaciers, and homely hay-meadows have been touched upon. What will interest the visitor, too, is the character of its people. There are only about 100,000 of them and the prosperity of the cod liver oil trade has of recent years enabled them to attain a high standard of living. With rare exceptions they retain their natural charm; in appearance the women of Iceland are worthy descendants of the Vikings. Communication is now mainly by motor. In outlying districts journeys are still made on the sturdy little ponies; and one can almost invariably arrange to stay at one of the farms when travelling in outlying districts.

For those who enjoy freedom from crowds, magnificent scenery, and quantities of the purest fresh air Iceland can confidently be recommended as a holiday-ground. To see its wide views and noble mountains is to re-capture something of the spirit which animated Vikings whose long ships first braved the Atlantic and discovered America, and whose descendants still tread the pastures of Ultima Thule.

THE ISLAND'S RUGGED LANDSCAPE: Typical scenery in the southern portion of Iceland, a volcanic region of remarkable natural interest

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In Quest o

Searching for Good Stoppin of the Grea

THE Quest, I feel, could have continued almost indefinitely, but alas, the day came when I had to turn my car southwards, and as I crossed the Border and headed for Carlisle, I passed many a car northward bound. May they and others have the joy of following in my car tracks and visiting the hotels described below, as well as those already mentioned in previous articles.

Let me this week give notes of hotels on the Great North Road north of Stirling up to the farthest point I visited, Carrbridge, 537 miles from London, though before I do so I must make special mention of two hotels, Peebles Hydro and the Creaghdu Hotel, Onich, N. Ballachulish.

Peebles Hydro. — Wherever your destination in Scotland this really magnificent hotel can and should be visited on the outward or return journey. For, taking the Jedburgh–Carter Bar route, Peebles lies in one's path. Someone once remarked to me that there is more concentrated life at Peebles Hydro at a week-end, and during the holiday periods, than in the whole of Scotland put together. I am prepared to accept such a statement.

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Creagdhu Hotel, Onich, N. Ballachulish.—Unfortunately I was able to pay only a very fleeting visit to this latter hotel, yet if there is one hotel in Scotland which stands out more in my memory than any other, it is this very real good-looker on the northern shore of Loch Linnhe. There is no other hotel in Scotland just like it and it is so beautifully furnished and excellently run that my only worry in life at the moment is whether I shall be able to revisit it before it closes for the season on September 30. The scenery at this point of Scotland is magnificent. It was after I got to the Creagdhu Hotel at Onich that I realised why Scottish people, when they go to the Norwegian Fjords, are so often disappointed.

Dunblane Hotel Hydro. — A few miles from Stirling on the Great North Road, it stands stately in its magnificence on the right-hand side. If your plans are already made you must at least drive up to see it. It is *the* last word in Scottish hotel enterprise. See the swimming pool, the largest hotel

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Station Hotel, Perth.—Lies 28 miles farther north. For many years it has been a favourite halting place. It is far less of the station type of hotel than usual. It turns its back on the trains and from the dining-room one looks not on station walls, but on wall-flowers and other plants in season. It is first class in every way, yet its prices will suit those holding 3rd-class tickets.

Birnam Hotel, Birnam.—If the Station Hotel or the Royal George at Perth (the latter overlooks the Tay) are both full up, or if you want to get still farther north, make a note of the Birnam Hotel, whose proprietor, R. Gillies, also owns the Royal, at Bridge of Allan. There is an old-fashioned solidity about this house that spells comfort. It has been brought bang up to date with all the modern conveniences. There is a bathroom to every three bedrooms and private suites for those who can afford such added luxuries.

Should you just stop for a meal you will find it difficult to hurry away from the attractive baronial hall, especially if there is a genuine baron of Scottish beef in evidence. And be sure before you leave to see the Birnam Oaks.

After Birnam there is nothing further of note until one reaches Pitlochry. Here there are a number including the Atholl Palace Hotel already described.

Scotland's Hotel, Pitlochry.—I recommend this hotel which lies in a quiet position just off the main road for those who want to stop a night or nights in this excellent centre, yet do not want to dress for dinner unless they feel like it. Scotland's is old-established and open all the year round. Perhaps the best way to illustrate the distinguishing note between the Scotland's Hotel and the Atholl Palace is to mention that whilst the former is classified three star A.A., the latter is five.

Atholl Arms Hotel, Blair Atholl.—(7¼ miles north of Pitlochry). One quickly senses here the homeliness of this hotel, the dining-room designed as a banqueting-hall with minstrels' gallery; the drawing-room deliberately kept Victorian style, yet the chairs are modernly comfortable; the up-to-date bedrooms (even the chauffeurs' quarters have hot and cold laid on); the house-proudness of Mrs. Jessie MacDonald who, for the last three years, has put such money as she made back into the hotel. If you decide to visit the Atholl Arms, I promise that you will find true Scottish hospitality, Scottish fare, and Scottish cleanliness.

(*Continued on page* 84)

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An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

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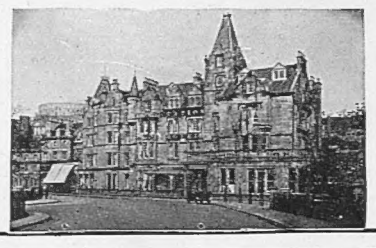
THE MISSES FERNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A. *Tel.: ONICH 38*

FOR A LOVELY HOLIDAY
On the main Glasgow-Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own garden produce. H. and C. water in all bedrooms. Fishing for those who desire it.
FULLY LICENSED.

OBAN



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Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms.
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Superb views from the terrace and the bedrooms. Cuisine and cellar . . . . such as you would expect.
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Golf—on one of the finest inland 18-hole courses in the country. 46-acre grounds with 9 tennis courts, short golf course, swimming pool, two putting courses . . . and beautiful gardens. Fully Illustrated Brochure with pleasure
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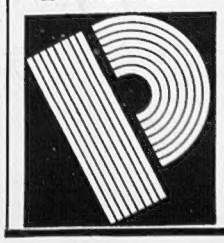
characterises this first-class hotel, in its appointments, its service, and its ambition to meet the requirements of each individual visitor . . . be it for "cure" or holiday.
Allan Water & Spa Hotel
BRIDGE OF ALLAN, STIRLINGSHIRE
. . . in beautiful, historic surroundings. Motoring, golf, tennis, riding, and fishing. 75 bedrooms with every comfort. Covered communication between the Spa and the Hotel. Telephone: 148.

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure



From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed. Tariff free.

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country pastimes and all the sporting amenities of Surrey in summertime await you at Bramley Grange—30 acres of ground and gardens with Swimming Bath, Tennis, Squash and Croquet (free to residents) and Fishing, Golf (Bramley, 18 holes adjoining) and Boating at special terms. A first-class hotel—first-class in situation, in amenities, comfort and cuisine. Ten minutes by 'bus to Guildford, forty from there by train to London. Very moderate inclusive terms. Illustrated literature with pleasure.
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Telephone: Bramley 195-6. *Telegrams:* "Brassie, Bramley, Surrey"

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Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Dalbeattie, West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brook (Hampshire).—Bell Inn.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Camber (Sussex).—The "Billy" Golf Hotel.
Christchurch (Hampshire).—King's Arms Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Fawley (Hampshire).—Falcon Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough.—The Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
New Forest (Hampshire).—Beaulieu Road Hotel
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel. Tel. 3.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Waterbeach (Sussex).—Richmond Arms Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brachets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge (211).—Three Arrows Hotel.
Leeming Lane (227).—Newton House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Tel. 2.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.

SCOTLAND

Aberfoyle.—The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Onich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel. (LMS-NCC.)
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC.)
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

(Continued from page 83)

Duke of Gordon Hotel, Kingussie.—(38 miles farther north). The country between Blair Atholl and here is so beautiful that you will forget all about the mileage. Once you have been inside the Duke of Gordon Hotel you will never again pass it by. There is a note of luxury directly you enter.

To Mr. W. Steele, the proprietor, I will award in addition to his A.A. three stars another star for every one of his fifty bedrooms. Then a star each for the extraordinarily comfortable lounge, the dining-room with its Peddi paintings depicting Highland scenery. More stars too for the suites, cocktail bar, comfortable steward's room, and large garden.

Aviemore Hotel, Strathspey.—Another of the five star hotels of Scotland, and most thoroughly deserved they are. Full marks, too, to Mr. Ian Jack the manager, a man of ideas and ideals. Here is a first-class hotel in a lovely position which teems with individuality. Nothing ultra modern but just that subtle difference which distinguishes the Aviemore from the rest. The Aviemore attracts that type of person who is prepared to pay well for comfort out of the ordinary. If you take a suite (there are ten of them) or one of their good sized bedrooms, you will never be stinted. Why even the coathangers have inscribed on them: "Please take me away." I could write a whole page on the Aviemore but just these two words, "go there," will suffice.

Carrbridge Hotel, Carrbridge.—This was my most northernly point and here I met Mr. D. MacIntyre, the proprietor, who from 1919 to 1929 was at the Breadalbane Hotel, Kenmore. The Carrbridge is a comfortable hotel in an excellent centre, and the air there is better than any wine you can buy. Year after year many people return there for just these reasons.

From Carrbridge I turned southwards making a detour via Tomintoul, the highest village in Scotland, 1,200 ft. above sea level, where I can recommend the Richmond Arms Hotel, on to Ballater and Braemar.

Invercauld Arms Hotel, Braemar.—Here both in the countryside and this hotel, you will sense the Royal atmosphere of Balmoral. Patronised for many years by the Royal Family and the Court, the hotel conveys to one an atmosphere of dignified comfort. There is nothing old-fashioned about it. You will find every modern amenity, and a rare degree of comfort at this long established Deeside Hotel.

Other hotels which have been recommended to me and of which I have made a note for my next visit are: the L.M.S. Hotels (Falls of Lora Hotel at Connell Ferry, and the Highland at Strathpeffer) and of course Gleneagles. Then there is the Marine at Oban, the Loch Awe Hotel and a number of others on the north-west corner, the names of which I shall be only too pleased to pass on to anyone interested.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. H. (Manchester).—The most reasonably priced hotel in Plymouth is the Westminster. It is comfortable, particularly the beds, and altogether it is well run, but it is very important to book ahead as it is a popular hotel and, with liners arriving at Plymouth, they have sudden influxes.

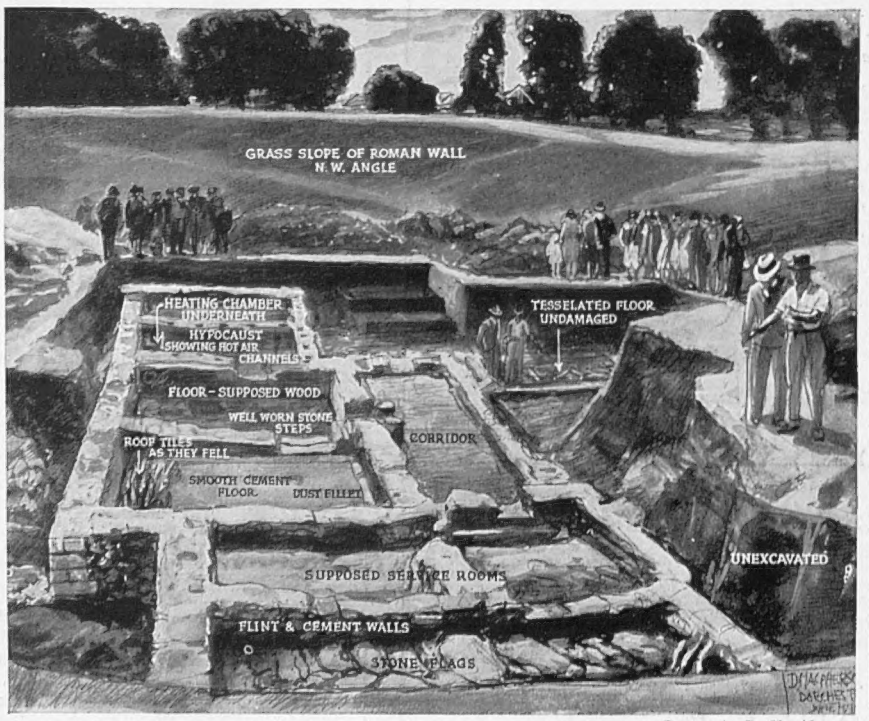
N. P. (London).—In the Brockenhurst neighbourhood I can strongly recommend the Montague Arms Hotel at Beaulieu (Mr. and Mrs. McEntee) and Holmfield, Lyndhurst (Mr. and Mrs. Ashworth).

H. S. (Lechlade).—The hotel I mentioned some time back on the outskirts of Reading was the Upcross Hotel (Mr. and Mrs. J. Catling), and it lies on the by-pass on the Newbury side of Reading. Since writing that article I have come across another hotel on the other side of Reading at Twyford, between Henley and Wokingham, called Grove Hall Hotel (proprietors Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Tisdall). Every bedroom has a private bathroom.

R. B. D. (Stratford-on-Avon).—I am presuming that your party will be leaving Glyndebourne by car and I appreciate your desire to stay outside London. There are two hotels I can recommend to you. Both are easy from the point of view of distance and traffic for reaching Hurlingham. The first is Southdown Hall at Wimbledon (Mrs. Filgate), well furnished and excellently run. The second is at Weybridge, Oatlands Park Hotel, where you can have swimming, dancing, and golf all provided free.

C. H. B. (Liverpool).—You do not actually say whether you prefer town or country, so I am giving you a selection of places which answer to your requirements. Bournemouth: Bourne Hall Hotel (R. J. Bray). Torquay: Roslin Hall Hotel (Mrs. Gresham). Crafthole, near Plymouth: Whitsand Bay Hotel, (Captain Garland). Budock Vean, near Falmouth: Manor House Hotel (Mr. A. Pilgrim). Berrynarbor Bay, N. Devon: Sandy Cove Hotel (Mr. and Mrs. A. Rapkin). And particularly Lee Abbey Hotel, Lynton, N. Devon (C. Jupp).

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.*



Drawn by D. Macpherson

DORCHESTER'S NEWLY UNEARTHED ROMAN TOWN HOUSE: A diagrammatic sketch of the present state of the excavations on the site of a villa, showing the various rooms that have so far been unearthed, one of which includes a fine example of a hypocaust. Within the walls are flues for hot air. In Roman times Dorchester, or Durnovaria as it was called, was one of the important towns of south-western Britain

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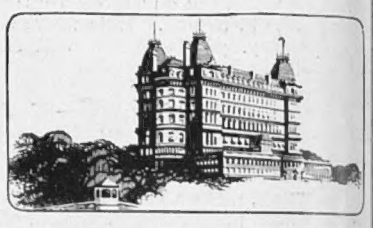

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Ramsgate - The Granville
Scarborough The Grand
Southampton The South-Western
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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—World-renwnd htl of the Aust. Alps. 60 m. from Vienna. Sports. Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15s. up.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel, The Golfer's Home.**—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap d'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with M. Carlo & Menton. Tns., swm. pl. 15 acs. p. pk., incl. fm. 70 frs. with bth. fm. 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Incl. fm. 65 frs. With bath fm. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all year. Incl. fm. 50 frs., with bath fm. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class family hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M. 14.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garage.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst. — The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the cathedral.

Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec.'36. Rms. fr. RM.4, lav. & toil. fr. RM.6, pr. bath fr. RM.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne.—Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.—Up-to-date, renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director, Otto Holl.

Cologne.—Hotel Monopol-Metropol.— The modern home for travellers. First-class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first-class hotel facing the station. 120 bedrooms, 20 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district. Thoroughly first-class. 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen. — Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

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Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich. — Park Hotel. — Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts, moderate prices. Situated the entrance of the old town. Opposite the station.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing. Incl. terms fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Walchensee.—Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pension from 7 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. fr. Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring. Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

ITALY.

Stresa, Lake Maggiore.—Regina Palace Hotel. On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

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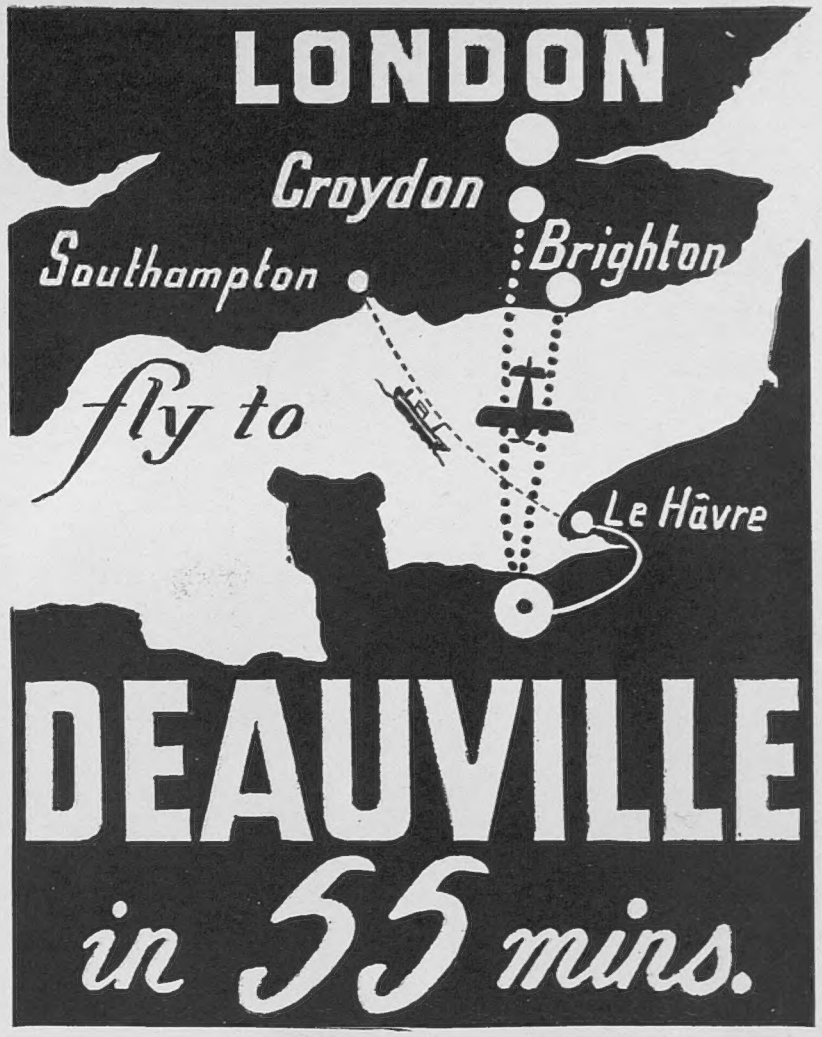

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